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AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION: A RETROSPECT AND A PROSPECT.

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DURING the last month the attention of Englishmen has been directed to the Colonies by two events of special importance. Not only has the course of the Canadian elections been watched with keen interest, but telegraphic reports have placed us in possession of the main features in the debates of the Convention, which assembled on the 2nd of March, at Sydney, to discuss the formation of a central authority for the Australasias. According to these reports the delegates of the various colonies stand pledged to a series of resolutions, moved by the President, Sir Henry Parkes, embodying the main outlines of a Federal Constitution, and the principles to be observed in its creation. This Constitution is closely modelled upon that of the British North American Colonies, which, according to the veteran Australian statesman, combines the best features of the systems of the United States and Great Britain. It includes: (1) a Federal Parliament; (2) a Supreme Court for Australasia; and (3) an Executive, consisting of a Governor-General and responsible Ministers, as in Canada. The Federal Parliament includes a Senate, with members contributed in equal numbers by the several states, and a House of Representatives, which latter are to be elected from districts arranged on a basis of population.

The principles—four in number—which are to be observed in the creation of the Federal Government, provide for the maintenance of all existing rights belonging to the several colonies (except so far as such rights are in actual conflict with the new Federal power) and for the establishment of inter-colonial free trade. Moreover, the Federal Parliament is to be invested with the power of imposing customs duties, and with the control of the united naval and military forces.

It is hoped that the following short account of the Federation

movement will contribute to the understanding of events now happening in Australia—events in which Englishmen are and must be deeply concerned.

In 1883 a Convention, in which the various Australasian states were represented, met in Sydney to discuss the formation of a Federal authority, with the result that a bill was drafted, which, after being remitted to the local legislatures, was submitted to the Imperial Parliament. The most difficult task which the delegates had in framing this constitution, was to form a central authority in such a manner as to avoid the appearance of even the slightest encroachment on the powers of the separate state legislatures. There were, however, two groups of subjects, which, it was found, might be usefully delegated to the Federal Council.

(1.) Certain subjects which the legislatures of the separate colonies could not by the nature of things discuss, and for which new powers were conferred by the Imperial Government : \* and (2) matters of "general Australian interest" coming within the authority of the several state legislatures, but, with respect to which, it was "deemed desirable that there should be a law of general application." The first group included such matters as the relations of Australasia with the islands of the Pacific: the prevention of the influx of criminals, and fisheries in Australian waters beyond territorial limits: bills, however, dealing with such questions were "reserved for the significance of Her Majesty's pleasure." The second group included such questions as "the enforcement of judgments of courts of law of any colony beyond the limits of the colony; and any of a number of subjects which might be *referred to the Council by the Legislatures of any two or more colonies:*" among those being "general" defences, patents, bills of exchange, uniformity of weights and measures, recognition of marriages, &c. This latter clause so alarmed the sensitive feeling in favour of the rights of the local legislatures that the following proviso was added: "Provided that in such cases the acts of the Council shall extend only to the colonies by whose legislatures the matter shall have been so referred to it, and such other colonies as may afterwards adopt the same." The deliberations of the Convention were crowned in 1885, by the passing of an Act to constitute a Federal Council of Australasia by the Imperial Legislature. In the Federal Council thus constituted the self-governing colonies were re-

\* Imperial Act, Vict. 49.



presented by two members, and the Crown colonies by one. The method of appointment was left for the decision of the local legislatures.

This Act was adopted by Victoria, Queensland, Western Australia and Tasmania. South Australia was prevented from joining the Federal Union by *temporary* political causes; New South Wales and New Zealand by considerations of policy.

It will be convenient to complete the account of the work of the Federal Council. It met at Hobart, Tasmania, in 1886, in 1888 and in 1889. In the conference of 1889, it was attended by delegates from South Australia, and it is noticeable that after discussing various questions such as Fisheries, the Pacific cable, and the investment of English Trust funds in colonial securities, an address on the subject of Samoa was sent to the Queen, the substance of which was telegraphed *directly* by the President of the Council to the Secretary of State, instead of being communicated through the medium of the Governor of Tasmania.

Independently of the Federal Council, on several occasions the local state governments have taken united action in respect of matters of general Australasian importance. The mission of Sir William Jervois to inspect and report upon the defensive works of the Australasian Colonies was followed by a considerable and systematic expenditure for military defence purposes. In the ten years previous to 1884 (for example) the colony of Victoria spent in defence the sum of £1,100,000; while in the single year 1885, £231,038 was devoted to that object. Again in the Chinese Immigration question, a meeting of representatives of the different governments was held, with the result that something like united action was taken by the Australasian Colonies. Even more important was Admiral Tryon's scheme for the creation of an Australasian Federal fleet at a cost of £150,000 war, and £95,000 peace, footing, which was put into effect by the Australasian Naval Force Act of 1887. This was an agreement between the Imperial naval authorities and the several governments of the Australasian Colonies for increasing the naval force for the protection of the floating trade in Australasian waters at their joint charge. In forming this agreement care was taken (on behalf of the colonies) to make the additional ships *bonâ-fide* available for Australasian defence; e.g. it was stipulated that "these vessels were not to go outside the limits of the Australasian Station," and that "no reduction of the Imperial force" was to

take place. On the other hand, the rights of the Imperial Government were maintained by clauses which placed the ships under the command of the Admiral of the Australian Squadron, and assigned them precisely the same status as H.M. ships in general. The "additional force" consists of five fast cruisers and three torpedo boats in time of war, and three cruisers and one torpedo boat in time of peace. The Imperial Government pay the original cost, and the Colonial Governments pay up to £91,000 *per annum* maintenance in time of peace: in time of war the Imperial Government are further charged with the maintenance of the reserve vessels. It is noticeable that New Zealand, recognising that she was able to avail herself of the full advantages of *Naval* defence, at once adopted this Act.

Up to 1890 the nett result of the various movements tending to produce Australasian Federation were :—

(1.) Some legislative powers not enjoyed by the separate colonies had been conferred by the Imperial Government upon the Council representing "Australasia."

(2.) A commencement of a system of land defence had been taken in hand ; and a satisfactory system of naval defence established.

(3.) The principle that representatives of the various Colonial Governments should confer upon questions of general Australasian interest had been put into practice.

So much for the past.

On February 6, 1890, a Federation Conference was held in the Legislative Council Chamber at Melbourne which was attended by the following delegates :—For New South Wales, Sir Henry Parkes and the Hon. W. McMillan ; for Victoria, the Hon. Duncan Gillies and the Hon. Alfred Deakin ; for Queensland, the Hon. J. M. Macrossan and Sir Samuel Griffith (leader of the Opposition) ; for South Australia, the Hon. J. A. Cockburn and the Hon. T. Playford (leader of the Opposition) ; for Western Australia, Sir James G. Lee-Steere ; for New Zealand, Captain Russell and Sir John Hall ; for Tasmania, the Hon. A. J. Clark and the Hon. B. S. Bird ; for Fiji, Sir J. B. Thurston (Governor).

At the final meeting held on February 14th, the following address to Her Majesty was adopted unanimously.

"We your Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, the members of the Conference assembled in Melbourne, to consider the question of creating for Australia one Federal Government and representing the Australasian Colonies, desire to approach

your most gracious Majesty with renewed expressions of our devoted attachment to your Majesty's throne and person. . . . &c.

"We most respectfully inform [your Majesty] that we have unanimously agreed to the following resolutions:—

"That in the opinion of this Conference the best interests and the present and future prosperity of the Australasian Colonies will be promoted by an early union under the Crown, and, fully recognising the valuable services of the members of the Convention of 1883, in founding the Federal Council, this Conference declares its opinion that the seven years which have since elapsed have developed the national life of Australasia in population, in wealth and in the discovery of resources, and in self-governing capacity to an extent which justifies the higher act at all times contemplated of the union of these colonies under one legislative and executive government on principles just to the several colonies.

"That to the union of the Australasian Colonies, contemplated by the foregoing resolution, the remoter Australasian Colonies shall be entitled to admission at such times and under such conditions as may be hereafter agreed upon. That members of the Conference should take such steps as may be necessary to induce the legislatures of their respective colonies to appoint during the present year delegates to a National Australasian Convention, empowered to consider and report upon an adequate scheme for a Federal Constitution. That such convention should consist of not more than seven members from each of the self-governing colonies, and not more than four members from each of the Crown Colonies."

The first of these resolutions, declaring the necessity of the "union under one Legislative and Executive Government," was moved by Sir Henry Parkes, the leader in the present Federation movement, and the Premier of New South Wales—the only Australian Colony remaining unrepresented in the Federal Council. It remains to explain how such a change of policy, both in the man and in the state, has been made possible.

Now in the year 1889 two events happened which impressed Sir Henry Parkes with an idea of the importance of the Federation movement. One was the visit of Mr. G. R. Parkin, a delegate from the Canadian Federation League, to Australasia. Without under-estimating Mr. Parkin's great ability as a popular orator, I venture to think that the results of his personal interviews with

prominent politicians in Australasia will be more important than the effect of his public addresses. Especially he pointed out in private converse the advantages of the Canadian system, by which only a Governor-General was appointed from England, thus preventing the occurrence of any opportunity for innumerable causes of friction, and especially for such lamentable differences as had arisen between the Imperial and Colonial Governments in the last appointment of a Governor for Queensland. The other was the inspection of the various local forces available for land defence in Australasia by an Imperial officer—Major-General Edwards. The gist of his reports was, that the citizen forces of the separate colonies, separately organised and under separate commands, were worthless to defend Australia (in attacking which country a convenient basis would be found in Tasmania); but that the same forces (at the same cost), organised under one central authority, would supply a very respectable defence force, the whole power of which would be equally available for defending any portion of the Continent. The creation then of an adequate land defence system, without increasing either the cost or number of men (except proportionately to the increase of population), is the ultimate basis of the present movement, just as the necessity for preventing the immigration of French criminals was the *causa efficiens* of the Federal Council. But why not use the already existing Federal machinery? Because (to use Sir Henry Parkes' own figure\*) the Federal Council is in the position of a town council, entrusted with the care of maintaining streets and public edifices, without having any authority to levy rates. The question of general defence was one of the questions which could be referred to the Council, but only for discussion. This, then, is where the Council is useless for the purposes of a genuine central authority; and it was just here that the danger of disagreement lay in the Conference. Mr. Deakin, representing Victoria, a colony which had supported the Federal movement from the very first, not unnaturally was of opinion that the existing Federal Council should be employed, and that a further Federal Constitution was unnecessary. Sir Henry Parkes, on the other hand, asserted that, to deal with the question of defence, the Federal Council was useless. For a few days the whole cause of Federal union seemed jeopardised. On Saturday, February 8, the *Sydney Morning Herald* wrote: "The fact is, as we have said before, it is not only the tariff question which blocks the way to the esta-

\* Speech at Liverpool, N. S. Wales.

blishment of a Federal Government . . . *The Federal Council is the first obstruction to be removed.*"

But this necessity for the organisation of the military resources of the country would not have been a sufficient *causa efficiens* had it not been accompanied by other changes in public opinion with reference to the fiscal policies of the two leading Australian States. Up to 1889 the finance policy of Victoria and New South Wales were diametrically opposed; the former was a protectionist, the latter a free-trading community. But in this year certain modifications were effected in Victorian protection, by which the purely State egotism was brought into conflict with an Australian nationalist principle, which opposed to Victorian protection the wider interest of nationality. And so it came about that the coalition Government, of which Mr. Gillies and Mr. Deakin were the leaders, advanced this principle (in the words of the author of 'Problems of Greater Britain'): "To have no fresh border duties upon Australian products, and to gradually abolish those in force, the aim being to obtain a common tariff on the sea-board of Australia, and free trade within the limits of the Australian Continent." The same authority adds that, at the end of 1889, "It might be paradoxically asserted that the Victorian protectionists under Mr. Deakin had at this moment become free-traders without knowing it. They argued in favour of that inter-colonial free trade which is the only kind of free trade that is now of very much importance in Australia; while those who were opposed to them were the practical protectionists in desiring inter-colonial protection."

In New South Wales, on the other hand, an opposite movement has been taking place. The large free-trade majority was so much reduced at the General Election of 1889, that the numbers stood at seventy-one free-traders and sixty-six protectionists; and even this small majority was subsequently reduced by the loss of a seat. Of the forty-one metropolitan members, only five protectionists were returned—a fact which shows that the strength of the protectionist cause lies in the agricultural and pastoral constituencies, where the men are anxious to retaliate upon Victoria for the stock-tax and similar duties. Also wealthy persons are beginning to be afraid of a land-tax or property-tax; indeed the Free Trade Conference of 1889, held at Sydney, practically committed the party to direct taxation in some shape or form. It is commonly said that Sir Henry Parkes wishes to "hedge" on the question of free trade—that, finding that his



majority is slipping away from him, he wishes to create another question upon which he can appeal to the country with the certainty of being placed at the head of affairs. On the occasion to which allusion has previously been made,\* Sir Henry Parkes, in words of great dignity, emphatically repudiated any such idea. "The doctrine of free trade," he said, "was the doctrine of light," and that "just as certainly as the darkness was banished by the rising of the sun, would the doctrine of protection be ultimately driven from the earth." Moreover, he asserted that free trade "would ultimately prevail in Australia." Such a theory is, however, unnecessary, and it is sufficient to suppose that the veteran colonial statesman sees that there exists a sufficient basis of mutual advantage to allow New South Wales and Victoria to unite in a fiscal policy of inter-colonial free trade and extra-colonial protection. Granted that the protection policy has forced the growth of certain industries in Victoria, and that the start thus gained will enable the Victorian manufacturer to undersell those of New South Wales in the immediate future, yet the extraordinary mineral wealth of the latter country should make its people confident in the ultimate triumph of their manufacturers. The wealth of New South Wales in this respect is scarcely recognised beyond its own borders, yet it is quite unparalleled. The coal-fields of Great Britain only cover an area of 4000 square miles ; the approximate area of the New South Wales coal-fields is 25,000. Although the total out-put in 1884 reached the very respectable figure of close on 3,000,000 tons, yet this immense store is only just being "tapped."

The average price of the coal per ton (in the same year) was, in the northern district, 9s.  $1\frac{9}{16}d.$  ; in the southern, 10s. 4d. ; and in the western, 5s.  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$  The quality of the northern coal (of which Newcastle is the centre) is said to be equal to that of English coal for all purposes, and in some cases even superior. It is exported largely to Victoria and the other Australian colonies, and New Zealand ; to Hong Kong, San Francisco, Manilla, Japan, India, and South America ; and over 1000 vessels are employed in the work of exportation. Even supposing, then, that the Victorian manufacturers should maintain or increase their lead, the people of New South Wales reckon upon supplying them with coal. The seams of coal are in some parts of the colony found in immediate connection with iron ores and limestone, and other minerals. Mittagong, for example, is the centre of an incredibly rich iron and coal district,

\* Speech at Liverpool.



while only fifteen miles away at Joadja Creek there is a bed of shale containing kerosene to the estimated extent of over a million and a half of tons. Where iron, coal, manganese, and limestone are found in convenient proximity, the development of manufactures of iron and steel cannot be long delayed.

The union of these two foremost states would gradually attract the rest of the Australias, were these latter states disinclined to Federation (which is not the case). Of course, in a union of states of different growths there must always be differences of opinion on certain points. Queensland, for example, still requires assisted emigration to open up her large tracks of back country, while New South Wales and Victoria have both become independent of such aids to population. At the same time there is a sufficient number of mutual advantages (outside of the great question of defence) to counteract the disadvantages arising from these inequalities in political stature. Among the chief administrative advantages to be reaped by union, both in respect of efficiency and economy, may be mentioned the improved management of railways and the consolidation of the separate state debts. The late Mr. Westgarth proposed some twelve months ago a financial union of the Australian Colonies, which, he said, would enable them to borrow unitedly at 3 per cent. instead of separately at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 per cent. The objection then raised to the proposal, viz., the unequal indebtedness and resources of the different colonies, would not apply if a genuine Federal Executive were established, for the gist of that objection lay in the fact that neither New South Wales nor Victoria were prepared to guarantee the debts of the poorest of the group without having any control of her expenditure.

As to the position of New Zealand, it is true that for the present its inability to participate fully in the advantages of a Federal Union, may cause it to stand outside until a convenient season arrives. At the same time the New Zealand delegates made it plain by their language at the conference that this attitude was the result of geographical conditions and not of any objection to the principle of Australasian union. Speaking on February 12th, 1890, Sir John Hall said that—"He earnestly assured the Conference that the proposal from New Zealand to confine Federation to the Australian Colonies came . . . in no spirit of want of appreciation on their part, or on the part of those who sent them there, of the value of an Australian united dominion. . . ." He further remarked that the 1200 miles

which separated New Zealand from Australia, making it necessary for their delegates to leave home for long periods, was the cause which prevented them joining the Federal Union, and he added that, "He thought the arguments advanced by Sir Henry Parkes in favour of the establishment of a Federal system of defence irresistible."

Lastly there is the man.

Of the plainest exterior and of humble origin, Sir Henry Parkes is yet able to address a birthday letter to the late English Premier, and to write a magazine article containing personal reminiscences of the Poet Laureate. Unsuccessful and unhappy in the routine business of official work, he is a man who possesses the faculty (essential to statesmanship) of including a large area in his mental glance. In ordinary addresses his remarks are hardly noticeable, except for the perfect ease with which he makes his apparently unending speeches, and a certain slipshod manner of expression which a master of the art often assumes when a younger speaker would take greater pains. It is in the *acharnement* of debate that the deep-sunken eyes gleam and the man rises to his full stature. The drawling, slipshod utterance is changed for a strong and firm tone. With merciless severity he fixes upon the weakest point of his adversary's armour and discharges bolt upon bolt until he overwhelms him. Above and beyond all, he is in sympathy with the people of Australia. He is *at home* there; his very weaknesses and vanities are felt to be but touches of the nature "which makes us all akin." Before Sir Henry Parkes took up the Federation movement, the Federal Council, the sole exponent of Australian Federal union, was an inert and lifeless institution. From the moment that he took it up the Federation notion advanced beyond all expectation, opinions were changed and new adherents won almost daily.

*Macte virtute esto*, for such union seems likely to complete the promise of the Australian race. But whether the labours of the Convention are immediately crowned by success or not, it is certain that (in the words of Mr. Brunton Stephens) the day of the Dominion cannot long be delayed.

"Not yet her day. How long 'not yet'?"

There comes the flush of violet!

And heavenward faces, all aflame

With sanguine imminence of morn,

Wait but the sun-kiss to proclaim

The day of the Dominion born."

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

## ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

BY MARGARET L. WOODS.

AUTHOR OF "A VILLAGE TRAGEDY."



### CHAPTER VII.

IN after years when Swift proposed, though he probably never seriously intended, to make additions to his story of 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' he mentioned "The Windsor Expedition," or "The Indisposition at Windsor," as an incident not to be omitted. The weeks which Swift and Esther Vanhomrigh had spent at Kensington in the summer of 1711 had also marked a stage in the advance of their intimacy. Esther had gone thither on a visit to an invalid friend, and Swift, in search of country air and lodgings, had been nothing loth to take some rooms within easy reach of her temporary home. He had a fancy for educating ladies, which was singular perhaps, but praiseworthy, at a time when most of those he met in the finest society read or wrote worse than a modern maid-of-all-work; evening after evening that summer had he brought his book into the parlour, where Esther's friend lay on her couch and she herself was sitting by her, book in hand, or preparing against his probable coming the fragrant coffee which his soul loved. The long softly-draped figure and pale intelligent face of the invalid, the window beyond her opening on the purple night and the silent masses of the Kensington trees, the big moths floating in at it and booming and banging against the candles—there was not a detail of the scene which did not vividly return to Esther's mind ten years after, when Swift bade her remember "The Sick Lady at Kensington." These evenings and the semi-accidental meetings of a morning in the Gardens, alone or behind the sick lady's chair, gave Swift and Esther a feeling of special intimacy

with each other, beyond his general intimacy with the family as an old friend of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's hospitable house. He had always indeed entertained a secret partiality for Esther, at first because she bore a name he liked to utter, and afterwards for her own sake. He called her a "presuming chit," when she threw herself ardently into the discussion of the politics which were then his own absorbing interest, and an "ignorant, romantic brat," when she praised her own favourite romance or criticised some one else's; but for all that he listened.

Up to the Kensington episode, however, he had not regularly read with her or directed her studies. He had loved almost as well—more, Esther thought—to pun and laugh with Molly, to rally her on her "fellows" and bring her French sweetmeats, begged from Lady Bolingbroke's store. It was the one point on which Esther had ever felt inclined to resent her sister's superior attractions. Since at the age of sixteen she had first made his acquaintance, Swift had been the particular object of her homage. Perhaps Francis was right in accusing her of mingling some vanity with her preference for distinguished wit. Nemesis does not often smite totally unprovoked; it is in the disproportionate weight of her punishments, not in the innocence of the victims, that her injustice is shown. On wet days or when he had nothing else to do, as he was careful to tell Mrs. Johnson, Swift had long been in the habit of dropping in to dinner with Madam Van, and spending hours either in the front parlour with the smart and the witty people who somehow affected the ladies' society, or in the "sluttery," as he nicknamed the back-parlour, over coffee and oranges with them alone. As often as not he mentioned his visits to the house in his Journals to Mrs. Johnson, but no one reading those brief allusions of his would guess that the parlour where he represented himself as yawning away his time he knew not why, was called by him in a letter to another, "the happiest place in the world."

On his return from Windsor with the completed *History of the Peace of Utrecht* in his portmanteau, the readings were resumed. Molly assisted at them less frequently than before. The two sisters' paths in life showed ominous signs of separating. Up till now their tastes and pursuits had not been fundamentally different; each had liked reading, dancing and company in her different degree, though in the matter of company Esther had always been fastidious. But Molly's enjoying temperament and universal popularity were leading her more and more into a

world that was merely gay and fine, while Esther grew more and more impatient of any society, except that in which she could at least talk of matters in which her master was interested. She asked no better amusement than to sit on a stool by the fire with her elbows on her knees, reading Rollin's *History of the Ancients*, or Mr. Dryden's translation of *Virgil's Æneid*. Swift's lessons she was able to return in kind, for having been educated at a school kept by a French lady in the neighbourhood of London, and having also spent some months in Paris, her French was very superior to that of most other young ladies who aspired to a knowledge of that language. It annoyed the Doctor to be unable to join in or even follow the conversation at Bolingbroke's, when some of his host's many foreign acquaintances were among the guests. In his anxiety to improve his knowledge of the language, he even read with Esther a considerable portion of *Le Grand Cyrus*, though no one had less patience than he with the still fashionable French romance.

It was half after eight o'clock one evening in the February following the Windsor expedition, when Esther Vanhomrigh was just lifting the coffee-pot off the fire in the back-parlour, that a loud chairman's rat-tat-tat sounded at the street-door. She stood listening with the coffee-pot in her hand. Presently from the wide passage that served as a hall there rose the sound of voices, the chairman disputing his fare with a customer who was by no means inclined to give in to his demands. A flush, a faint smile, not of amusement but of expectation, passed over her lifted face. Then a well-known heavy step came slowly up the stairs and Swift entered unannounced, for the man-servant was absent with Mrs. Vanhomrigh and Molly. He wore his sombre look, and after the least possible greeting sat down by the fire and stared at it in silence. Essie poured out a cup of coffee and placed it by his side. Then she stood with one foot on the fender and one hand raised to the high mantel-shelf, also staring at the fire. She had abandoned the plain cap she had once adopted as likely to please his taste for neatness, because he had on the contrary censured it as affected. Her thick blonde hair fell in curls on her neck, in the graceful fashion of the time, and her round neck and arms gleamed from the loose black wrapper branched with silver, which she had appropriated from her mother's always too abundant supply of half-worn garments. People who had met her this winter in the Park or at

assemblies, had pronounced the eldest Miss Vanhomrigh to be got uncommonly handsome.

"Drink your coffee, come now, drink your coffee," she said at last imperiously. "That's the way you let it spoil, and then you call it ratsbane—good coffee at six and sixpence a pound."

Swift took the cup.

"It may be ratsbane in earnest for all I care," he said. "I'm half poisoned already."

"Where do you come from?" she asked. "How late you are, when you told me you would be early! I had almost given up hopes of you."

"From Lord Treasurer's," he replied shortly, drinking his coffee.

"Had he no news?" she questioned. "Are the Bishoprics filled up? Who will be Dean of Wells?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask the town-crier. He will know before I. My grann'am used to say :—

'More of your lining  
And less of your dining.'

"O 'tis shameful! Shameful!" she cried. "'Tis well I don't know either Lord Treasurer or the Secretary, for if I did I should never contain myself. Truly such ingratitude, such base, base ingratitude is enough to make splenetics of us all."

The cloud on Swift's brow lightened; he looked up half arch, half tender. It was not in nature to feel otherwise than gratified when the bitterness and indignation repressed in his own proud bosom, found vehement expression in that vivid young face and the music of that young impassioned voice.

"O Governor Huff, Governor Huff!" he exclaimed, "the poor fellows think they have enough to do with her old Grace—Disgrace I mean—of Marlborough and red-haired Somerset against them; how they would tremble did they see the valiant Amazonian Hesskin ready to charge upon their rear! Pooh, I say! Let me have none of your petticoats in politics."

Esther threw herself into a chair and tossed her chin.

"Yet you have told me fifty times that had L. T. or my Lord Secretary half the sense of Mrs. Masham the country might be saved."



"Masham is a good creature, a sensible creature, I don't deny it. I love her dearly, and think she does me the offices of a friend."

"A friend!" cried Esther, "a mighty fine friend! She that hath her Majesty's ear, and hath only to whisper in it to put you in the place you merit! Yet here you abide but plain Jonathan Swift, Vicar of Laracor."

"You wrong her, Hessinage; I'm convinced she hath done all she durst venture on my behalf." He sighed and went on with a curious plaintiveness and hesitation, "I know not what to think except that the Queen does not love me. But why does not her Majesty love me, Hess?—answer me that, you witch, for 'tis more than my reason can tell me."

Even with her master Esther was apt to exhibit more candour than tact.

"One need be no witch to guess that your writings have given her offence," she answered.

Among the strange weaknesses and tendernesses of Swift's complex nature, was to be reckoned a sentiment of personal loyalty of an emotional, almost religious nature; a kind of loyalty the former existence of which we now admit as a historical fact without being able to understand it. In him this sentiment was already but a survival; it could not subdue his reason enough to make a Jacobite of him, but it could make him very sensitive to the disfavour of the last Stuart Queen. When Esther had spoken, his head dropped on his breast, his dark cheek grew paler, and he answered nothing. She took an orange from the dish ready for him, prepared it and placed it at his side. It was a customary attention which he was used to call his tribute, and to accept with mock regality, but this evening he thanked her almost humbly, and cried with a dreary smile, "Coffee and oranges! Ay, those are the only good things in London; the only good things I shan't get at Laracor." And then he was silent again. Esther was accustomed to his silences, and liked them almost better than talk. There was a feeling of intimacy in being admitted to them. After a while she rose, took some books from the shelf and put them quietly on the table. Swift shook his head smiling at them.

"Kind, kind Slutikin!" he said. "Thou know'st there's nothing soothes the enraged politician like philosophy and the *belles lettres*; 'tis the one sentiment in which even the Lord Treasurer and the Secretary can agree. But, Esther," he con-

tinued, pushing the books away, "I have seen this long while that your studies weary you, and for all your good nature what wearies you cannot please me."

"Weary me?" she cried. "O how? When?"

"How? When?" he repeated with a somewhat bitter playfulness. "It is easy to see how studies may weary a fine young miss whose eyes are made for brighter things than books, and as to *when*—why, when you cannot put your mind into what you are doing."

"Sure, sir, you're not blaming poor weak female brains for their dulness," said she, biting her fan.

"A fig for your excuses, you impudent madam. Dull you are not, but an idle, lazy, ignorant hussy, that wants to be shaking her heels to a fiddle with the young fellows, I warrant her, instead of poring over grave books with a gown of forty. Pshaw, Hess! 'Tis a vile excuse. I know as well as any what female brains are like, and I tell you yours are not such. Ha'n't I taught a young woman before now, ay, and one that's twenty times wittier than you? The little monkey was quick to learn and quick to forget, and understood her book but never thought over it, and could give me back my own opinions so much better than I had expressed 'em myself, that on my conscience I took 'em for hers. Consider, miss, how different from your behaviour, you that dispute every word I utter and must needs forsooth have your own pretending opinions. She liked her book for—other people's sake; but you was meant to spend your days grubbing in college libraries and to end 'em a Bentley. O Lord! O Lord! Smoke little Hesskin a Bentley!"

He had talked out his irritability and smiled.

"Pray scold, sir, so long as you make it plain 'tis but for scolding's sake. Sure never was woman compounded of such opposite vices! A giddy hussy and a pedantic book-worm!"

"'Tis monstrous, I own, but 'tis the truth. The scholar got the better of the hussy for a month or two, but now she will not be denied. I saw you last Wednesday, miss, at Lady Lansdowne's, standing up with some puppy or other; the company was saying you danced very finely, but as to that I am no judge; I only know you was looking as proud as a peacock and as pleased as Punch, and all because you was strutting about and being handed round by a red-heeled jackanapes, before the smartest

drabs of quality in London. On your honour, did you not enjoy yourself mightily at Lady Lansdowne's?"

"I will not deny it, sir; I was pleased you should see 'tis a false accusation you bring against me when you say that I do not love fine company only because I cannot be of consequence in it."

"On your honour again, Essie, are not your thoughts wandering to all the diversions you miss when you have let Moll go off to her moderns in her finest clothes, and leave you in the sluttery with your ancients in—in a mob, or whatever you ladies call that *déshabillé* of yours?"

And he looked curiously, perhaps approvingly, at her dress.

"Indeed, sir, you are mistook. You forget I have been longer in the world than Molly, and have worn so many smart clothes and seen so much smart company, I am tired of it all. O I love it well enough now and then, when I am not splenetic, but never so well as coffee in the sluttery."

Swift appeared to be satisfied, and opening *Tully of Moral Ends*, began to read aloud.

Presently he came to this passage:—"Epicurus declares it his opinion that wisdom among all the ingredients of happiness has not a nobler, a richer, or more delightful one than friendship."

"Ay," he said, "'tis in such sentiments as these we see the true wisdom of the ancients and their superiority to us barbarous moderns. We who say little of friendship, but are for ever celebrating *love, love, love* with the most ridiculous earnestness."

"Pray, sir," replied Esther with spirit—for the Doctor had lately shown peculiar animosity to the tender passion—"must there not be some good in a sentiment those great wits, the poets, agree in celebrating, and Christian times have honoured much more than heathen?"

"Simpleton! You know as well as I the Christian Church permits but does not encourage human folly, and as for great wits, 'tis admitted they are the greatest fools."

"How loth would a certain great wit be to admit it in his own person!" cried she, holding up her finger. "But seriously you cannot expect me to admire a conclusion which would shut us poor women out of the best part of your hearts, as we are already shut out of the best part of your minds."

"H'm! The worst's too good for 'em. Let me tell you though, that when a woman deserves our friendship she gets it.

Epicurus himself, who was by no means the rake he is vulgarly supposed, had several ladies among his intimates and followers."

"And you, sir, own yourself indebted to the friendship of the ladies Berkeley for much greater gains than prizes and promotions. Sure we are agreed in praising such friendship, and agreed too that 'tis rare. You say 'tis because we are unworthy of it, but your instance helps to show you wrong, for 'tis not the common kind of men who make friends of women, only the superior ones. Now do not laugh but listen, and I will tell you why. A booby you know, always loves to entrench himself behind the superiority of his sex, and that for very good reasons. Great wits like you, sir, do not fear a familiarity which can but breed the more respect. Then in ordinary men there is a coldness, a dulness of disposition, that makes them unapt to consider or feel with others in any very intimate manner. 'Tis so much easier to despise foreigners and women than to understand 'em, that 'tis no wonder dull fellows prefer it. But some noble minds, the bent of whose genius it is to understand every language of the human heart, some such learn ours, and *they* love to converse with us—yes, they do, Doctor, though they have the weakness to be ashamed of it when they get among common men, and to abuse us heartily, lest they should be suspected of partiality for us."

"I will pass you your strictures on my sex, miss—the more because I know 'em to be solely prompted by jealousy—and your reflection on my honesty—though I smoked it at once—in consideration of the compliments to myself you have mixed with your stuff. Lord, Lord! Poor Isaac Bickerstaff is fallen low in the world, when he is obliged to an ignorant brat for her fine speeches. Besides, though you have long been off the point of the argument, you have let me see in a sidelong kind of way—for 'tis the right to our *friendship* I observe you vindicate with so much warmth—that you are not quite the fool you made yourself out, when you talked about love. Pray now confirm my good opinion of your sense by confessing 'twas merely for the sake of disputing you contradicted me, when you know as well as I 'tis a very contemptible passion."

Esther blushed and hesitated.

"I cannot think," she said, "that love is always contemptible. It does not appear so in Petrarca, or in the heroes of Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who were all, they say, drawn from real personages."

"Believe me, child, this love is always the same thing in the

highest as in the lowest. Real personages be hanged! 'Tis these rascally poets and romance writers that cheat women out of the little sense Nature gave 'em. Could the poor creatures see the world as it really is, even they would not snatch at the bait so readily, whether 'twere an offer of marriage or mere gallantry. To be complimented and caressed beyond reason for a few years, and treated with contempt for the rest of her life—that is commonly the lot of a woman, even if she be beautiful and well-endowed. I pity 'em, poor creatures! But that they should be so well-pleased with a passion that serves 'em thus scurvily, *that* is what I find surprising—no, not surprising, for what folly is surprising in woman or man either for that matter? Fools, fools all! But truly 'tis very laughable, and despicable too. Love, indeed! I thought, you silly Hess, *you* had more discretion than to talk of such pernicious nonsense to me."

Swift was tired, irritated, sick with hope deferred, and he poured forth his scorn of men, women, and love with the ferocious bitterness of voice and countenance peculiar to him. Esther was silent. He looked round and saw her leaned on her elbow and shading her eyes with her hand.

"Slutikin," he said gently, "are those tears I see?"

She did not answer, and he drew her hand away from her face and held it.

"What is it, my child?" he asked anxiously.

She was still silent, but the large tears rolled down her flushed cheeks and dropped into her bosom, making her look like the child he called her. With her free left hand she fumbled for her handkerchief to wipe them away. Swift whipped out his own large one and thrust it into her hand.

"There, there," he said, "take it, 'tis silk. Lady Bolingbroke gave it me."

At another time Esther would have answered with gibes, asking him whether he had yet got a countess to find him his perukes, for they all knew there was one that kept him in night-caps, and whether ladies of less quality were still allowed to mend his cassock.

This time she said nothing, but dried her tears with the red bandana.

"Little dear Essie," he cried, "I beg you to tell me what I have said to distress you."

Esther had for a young woman brought up in good society

a remarkable incapacity for telling those small fibs without which it would be unmanageable. Even if she attempted to do so she totally failed to deceive. So now, instead of offering a plausible excuse with confidence, she pressed the handkerchief to her lips, looked away from the Doctor, and said in a muffled voice, "O nothing, sir, nothing at all. 'Tis the spleen."

"Pish!" cried he, "'tis true you are often confoundedly splenetic, but that's not the way you show it."

"O sir, 'tis my fortune!—and Ginckel, and—the debts," she returned incoherently, and snatching away her hand she buried her whole face in the bandana and began to cry again.

"What the deuce! When your Cousin Purvis has just been fool enough to pay every debt your mamma durst tell her of? And you that's gone into the whole matter like a lawyer, know well enough Ginckel can't touch your fortune. Don't lie, Brat, till you can lie better."

Esther unable to defend her excuses made no reply. Swift rose and paced up and down the room in an irritated manner.

"The truth is, Hess," he said at last, "you are in love. I have several times suspected as much."

"O no, no," cried Esther, burying her face yet deeper in the pocket-handkerchief. "'Tis cruel of you to say so."

"The truth is never cruel, my dear," he returned with grave kindness, sitting down beside her. "I own I was wrong to speak in so violent and general a way of a passion common to the bad and the good. My excuse must be, that the bad are so greatly in the majority that in speaking of mankind, one aims at them. But, my dear, you must be sensible that I do not judge Molkin severely, who I'll be bound has found a worse object for her affections than you are like to. To be sure I spoke too strongly—'twas that Tokay of Lord Treasurer's which disorders the stomach and heats the head; I will drink no more of it. In virtuous young ladies, such as Molkin or yourself, what is called love is not very blameable; 'tis scarcely a passion but a weakness of the mind against which they have no defence, for as if Nature did not present to them sufficiently the too charming idea, their parents and acquaintance are careful to do so, while they take no pains to provide 'em with its antidote, which is reason."

"But love, sir, may be founded on reason," replied Esther with some return of spirit.

"Stuff, Bratikin! Reason shows the object either contemptible



or worthy of some more solid sentiment, as esteem and friendship.

Esther sighed, dried her eyes and looked away.

"Do I not hear links at the door?" she asked.

"So you will not confide in your friend, Miss Essie? Yet he is older and wiser than you, and could either help to the accomplishment of your wishes, if they be wise, or cure you of 'em, if the contrary. Indeed I fancied I knew all your fellows, but I can't think of one of 'em that's worth a sigh of Miss Vanhomrigh's, or half good enough to be her husband."

Esther smiled faintly.

"What a farrago of nonsense is this we have been talking!" she said. "Let us hear no more of it."

The link-boys had thrust their torches into the rings outside, and the front-door opened wide to admit a merry noise of tongues and a little crowd of people, first jostling each other as dark silhouettes against the glare of the links and the bright reflections on the wet pavement without, then, as they stepped into the lamplight of the narrow hall, transformed to glittering figures of gaily-dressed men and women. It was Madam Van and Molly, whom a party of the young lady's admirers on their way to the Fountain Tavern, had insisted on chairing home in spite of the state of the streets. Voices confused in mirth, Molly's clear laugh, and her mother's, scarcely less fresh and young, reached Esther's ears.

"Mercy on us! They have company with 'em," she cried, and darting out of the room, she banged the door behind her and fled hastily upstairs. But the company, after a playful dispute as to the chairman's fare, which, according to them ought to have been nothing less than Miss Molly's slipper to drink her health out of, departed to the tavern, probably to drink their own health twenty times over out of more ordinary and convenient goblets. The two ladies came tripping upstairs, with the gleam and rustle of silks and the tap of little heels, bringing with them into the quiet dimly-lighted back-parlour an atmosphere of festivity and the great world.

"Well, madams all, where have you been gadding to?" asked Swift, when the first greeting had been exchanged.

"O sir, no further than Lady Wentworth's in St. James' Square," replied Mrs. Vanhomrigh, "or I warrant the young sparks wouldn't have troubled to carry *my* old bones hither, however they might have treated Molly's young ones." And

she cast a glance of maternal pride at her charming Moll, so pretty in her peach-coloured lute-string, with the smile of pleasure and raillery still brightening her eyes and dimpling her soft cheeks. "But pray, Doctor, what have you done with Hess?"

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Governor Huff has a headache, or the vapours, or some such thing. If I was you, madam, I would never mind her but take an orange."

"Doctor, you are a barbarian. The vapours, indeed! Sure my poor girl is very sick or she'd never have left you so uncivilly. Ann, Ann! Feathers and my hartshorn-drops."

"No, no, mamma. What would they be for? She a'nt in a swoon," interrupted Molly, endeavouring to restrain her mother.

"Don't be saucy, miss. How do you know what she's in? Anyway, feathers is good to burn, for they can do no harm. My vinaigrette—where is it? Sure 'twas here I put it. No? Then there's fairies in this house." And whirling round the room in search of the missing vinaigrette, which was all the while in her pocket, she caught her heel in a hole in the carpet and stumbled forward, her slipper flying high in the air behind her. "Confound my shoe!" she cried. "'Tis the third time this evening. Slip it on quick, darling Moll. Hess will wonder I do not come."

"If she has a bad head, mamma, she had rather be left alone," said Molly.

"For shame, miss!" replied Mrs. Van, stamping her foot down into her shoe, which was too small, "I trust her own mamma knows best what she likes."

So upstairs she flew, with a step as light as that of a girl of twenty, and was immediately heard bursting into Esther's bedroom, brimming over with enquiries and condolences.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders, and then: "Now sit down, Molkin, pray," he said, "and let us be cosy together, since there is no Governor Huff to tear your eyes out."

"But what is the matter with her?" asked Moll.

"Moll," returned he, leaning forward and speaking in an emphatic and mysterious voice, "I believe she's in love."

Molly started.

"Pooh! Mr. Bickerstaff," she said, after an almost imperceptible pause, "there never was such a man as you for giving credit to your own inventions. I believe you was almost convinced Mr. Partridge was dead when you had written your tale of his

decease, and thought him, I believe, pretty impudent for maintaining the contrary."

"Faith, Molkin, you shall not put me off with raillery," replied Swift. "You should know 'tis not a vulgar curiosity that makes me anxious to know whatever may concern you or her."

And he spoke the truth, for his curiosity was so closely connected with what was loveable in his nature, his feminine capacity for interesting himself in the whole, the utmost detail, of a life which had once attracted his interest, that it was not so much a defect as the under side of a quality—the same quality which made Lord Oxford's bitter independent pamphleteer, the unsparing critic of his political blunders, also his most sympathetic friend in domestic joy and sorrow, his truest in disgrace. But if the Doctor had been both clear-sighted and candid, he might have added that a touch of jealousy gave an edge to his curiosity. Molly had observed some little signs of this jealousy in him of late, and had misinterpreted it. Swift's jealousy was that of the exclusive friend who sees himself in danger of being bidden to go down lower in favour of the lover. Molly leaned back in a corner of a couch with her French hood thrown half off, and played with her fan, looking at the Doctor demurely.

"Sure, Doctor," she said, "you know as much as I do. I am not the confidante nor the duenna."

"Stuff and nonsense, Moll! I'm confident you have noticed something, and if I were in your shoes I should be able to tell all about it. But you want penetration, Molkin. I'll be hanged if I can think of one of your fellows that Essie has distinguished more than another. True there's a creature with a cocked hat, and a Ramilies wig, and his sleeve empty, I have seen walk in the Park with her of a morning lately."

"Captain Fortescue," returned Molly, "a very gallant young officer."

"May be, miss, but you'll never persuade me that Hess could want taste so much as to be enamoured of a man without an arm. Monstrous! Besides, the fellow's illiterate. I heard her remark it."

"Then, sir, there's Mr. Charles Ford."

"Ford! O I'm positive it's not Ford."

"But why not, sir? You tell us he is the finest scholar of any layman in England, and he has been mighty attentive to Essie."

"Has been, perhaps, but now is mighty attentive to another young lady, it being plain that Miss Essie cared not a jot for him. Moll, name some other followers you have seen about her of late."

"There is Sir James Bateman, the wealthy man with the palace in Soho; a fine scholar and a patron of the Arts, and one that always greatly affected Essie's society."

"What? The man that lately lost his lady? The inconsolable widower, and twice her age? Essie has more delicacy."

"Inconsolable, sir? Must I teach you what that means? And as to age, he is scarce so old as yourself. Yet I do not say there is a match in it—I but humour your fancy by naming her followers."

"Molkin, you think to play with me, but I will not be put off so when I am serious. As to you, if you was brayed in a mortar like the fool you wot of, a grain or two of sense might be found in you, but not one of seriousness. Come now, since when has Essie been taken with the vapours?"

Molly paused before answering, and waved her Chinese fan slowly, studying the little porcelain-faced people upon it. Then for an instant a provoking smile played round the corners of her mouth, but it was gone before you could swear to it, and she said innocently: "Lord now, how long is it since Cousin Francis went abroad?"

Swift started: "Molkin, you cannot mean to say—to hint—O 'tis impossible!"

Molly shrugged her shoulders.

"I told you, sir, I was not Essie's confidante, but she has certainly been splenetic and averse to company, and what you call vapourish, since he left. And I take it as an odd thing that she has never spoken of him except once or twice to say 'twas a churlish way he left us, and to marvel that he hath not writ since; yet she was always extreme fond of him when he was at home."

"Essie would be extreme fond of a lame duck that she had had the nursing of, and think it the best fowl in the barn-yard."

"Yet I own," he continued, rising, "there's something in what you say, if 'tis true that pity is akin to love. But Lord, Lord! Essie in love with *him*! Why, 'tis Midsummer madness!"

"O, sir, as the world goes, it would be a poor match, but my sister has her fortin and will have more, and sure Francis is a

good honest creature, though his tongue is none of the sweetest."

The Doctor poked the fire noisily.

"What!" he cried, "that little mean-looking sluttish fellow, not so much as come of honest parentage, as I have heard say? And your sister, as fine a lady as any woman of quality in the town, with so excellent an understanding and disposition, and handsome enough to please. Moll, Moll, here's a sad folly! Faith, miss, I had best wish you good-night or I shall grow splenetic."

So he put on his hat and tramped round the corner to Bury Street, while Molly ran upstairs to her mother's bedroom, took a leap on to the bed and sat there laughing. Mrs. Vanhomrigh, busy compounding some mysterious and horrible physic, asked her what her joke was.

"My dearest mamma, I have been persuading the Doctor that Essie is in love with—with—now guess."

Mrs. Vanhomrigh paused with a phial in her hand and turned a grave face to her daughter.

"O Molly, with whom?"

"I give you three guesses, mamma; you won't do it in thirty."

"A plague on your guesses, miss. Tell me at once."

"Why, mamma, with Cousin Francis."

And there was a simultaneous burst of laughter from the two ladies.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"Flowers, fresh flowers! All a-growing and a-blowing! Who'll buy my flowers?"

Above the many cries of the London street, it rang out clear from the strong round throat of a country girl, who sat on the steps of a City church with her wares about her. Her damask roses and white pinks were breathing as sweet a scent into the morning air as ever they did at Hammersmith, among the nightingales, and the large blossoms of forget-me-nots still looked as dewy fresh as when they hung clustering above their own blue reflections in the gliding Thames. The quality folk were not yet abroad, and the little knot of customers that kept accumulating and dispersing between the flower-girl on the steps and a costermonger's barrow in the street, consisted of a few citizens, marketing women and idle children. Presently

a white-haired man joined them, hobbling noisily on a stick and pushing his way through the loiterers with a large iron key.

"By the Lord, Master Sexton," said a fat woman resentfully rubbing her arm, "it's to be hoped when we're corpses you'll treat us a bit more respectful."

"Rosemary sprigs, fair rosemary sprigs, twopence a score!" chanted the flower-seller.

"A plague on your rosemary!" cried a pert girl of fourteen. "Sexton a'n't going to a funeral or I guess he'd be in a better temper. 'Tis a wedding, I'll warrant. O I do love a wedding!"

An aged grandame who had drifted to the church steps and stood there leaning on her stick, with protruding under-lip and lack-lustre eye, apparently conscious of nothing but the sunshine, lifted her head and looked towards the speaker.

"Where is't, my dear," she asked almost eagerly. "I can't see nothing. I'd like to see the wedding. But marry come up! I've seen many and many a wedding—finer weddings nor you'll see nowadays, my dear. Scores and scores on 'em—fine, costly weddings and cake and wine plenty, and brides—ah, beautiful!"

Her flash of interest in the life about her faded again, and she looked away muttering to herself, either in mere emptiness of thought or calling to mind the many and various brides whom in her ninety years she had seen pass to the altar, and on through the various circumstances of life, to old age and the tomb.

"Faith, dame, you're right," said the sexton. "Marrying you may see, little missie, and get a husband yourself if you're a good girl, but weddings—Lord! they ain't worth opening the church for, and if I was Parson, I'd go no further than a tombstone to string up these 'ere private marrying folks."

"Mercy on us! 'Tis a runaway match," cried the girl, jumping for joy to find herself in contact with so exciting an incident. The interest of the little feminine crowd, which had been awakened by the word "wedding," visibly quickened.

The sexton, who was suffering from rheumatism, hobbled up three steps before he found breath to answer. Then he turned round and addressed the company in general.

"Runaway match!" he repeated. "Deuce take 'em! No! If 'twere that there'd be small blame to 'em for marrying on the sly. No, what I cry shame on is the way decent folk, ay, quality folk too, that's been courting this twelvemonth, 'll come sneaking up to church in a hackney coach, master in a surtout and miss in a Mob, and not half-a-dozen people with 'em. And it's



'Pray, Parson, don't tell on us,' and, 'Be sure the rascal sexton holds his tongue,' and precious little we gets for our trouble—that I can tell you—precious little!" And he brought his stick down on the step with emphatic disgust.

"'Tis a shame, that it is!" cried the fat woman, forgetting her personal wrongs in her sympathetic indignation.

"Not a bite nor a sup do we get, ma'am, that I can tell you," continued the sexton, addressing himself to her.

"'Tis quite the mode, though," said a mercer's lady, lately own woman to a Baronet's wife, "for the very high quality does it pretty often, only they're married in their own chambers. But 'tis mighty provoking, I own, to know naught of the matter till you hear the drums under their window in the morning."

"'Tis enough to make one wish more funerals nor weddings," observed a saturnine female, related to a butcher, who was cheapening spring carrots. "At any rate there's good roast and biled for every one at 'em."

"Skinflintin' new-fangled ways!" ejaculated the sexton.

"Well, there's the reception next day," continued the mercer's lady meditatively, "and ribbon cockades more the mode than ever. Why, they do say my Lord Strafford's cost five guineas apiece."

"Who's going to be married, Master Sexton?" asked some one not interested in the business side of the question.

"A parson," replied the sexton. "Not one of your Church mice, that can't do things handsome if they would, but a fellow with a good fat living, and his lady a little fortin as they say."

"Is she a beauty?" asked the girl of fourteen, giggling. "I'd like to get a peep at her. Lord, how oddly she must be feeling!"

"Poor creature! I wish she might never feel worse!" said a handsome, haggard young woman, with a baby on one arm, a heavy basket on the other, and a second toddling child clinging to her skirts. "She's got her troubles before her."

"Come, neighbour Thomson, you'd best go away," said another, "or you'll be bringing bad luck on the bride, pretty dear, with your croaking."

"Go! O you may be sure I'll go as fast as may be," replied neighbour Thomson. "I'd sooner run a mile nor see a wedding. It creeps down my back like cold water, it does."

Yet as a hackney coach rattled up to the church steps, she turned round to look, with the rest. The first to jump out was

a smart little lady in a riding-dress ; a camlet petticoat, a man's coat and waistcoat of scarlet cloth laced with silver, matched by the scarlet ribbon tying back her hair, a large lace cravat, and a miniature beaver cocked defiantly. As regarded her dress, there was no reason why she should not be the bride, but somehow it was plain she was not. Next, stooping his stately head under the low lintel of the coach door, came an ecclesiastic in a new silk gown and a decorous but fashionable peruke. As he stood ready to hand out the two remaining ladies, the whispering spectators pronounced him a little old for his part, but a fine figure of a man for all that. The genteel woman who followed him must be the bride's mother, but the public interest centred in the tall young lady who descended last. She wore a white flowered damask dress. It was a costume that would have been trying to many handsome women, especially in the bright morning sunshine, but the soft purity of her skin and the young curves of cheek and chin and throat, triumphed over the hard whiteness of their surroundings. The sunshine without gilded her hair ; an inner fire, coming out to meet it, helped to make her eyes so sparkling and her lips so red. There was a murmur of approval from the spectators.

"If you'll take my advice, Madam Van," said the Doctor, "you won't keep the coachman here, but get one called when the business is done, or he'll fleece you to the tune of a crown or two."

"I love to oblige, Mr. Dean," replied Madam Van. "But I've took your advice once too often already this morning. You was importunate we should start at once, and here I am with my stays but half laced." She pointed to a smart be-ribboned pair of those articles, which, as the fashion was, formed a visible part of her costume. "And Molly, I vow, has caught up the worst pair of gloves in her box and forgot her patch and her fan, and——"

"Her perfume-flask and her snush-box and the rest of her modish fal-lals, all for show and none for use," interrupted the Doctor. "So much the better, Madams all, so much the better."

"And here we are," continued Madam Van, "we and nobody else, but the sexton trying to bring to a conclusion some very old quarrel with the church door."

For the sexton's rheumatic fingers were now wrestling with the large key and rusty lock.

"'Tis but poor housewifery, Mr. Dean, to save a crown on

coach-hire, and waste thrice as much by spoiling your attire," said Molly.

Swift shrugged his shoulders and made as if he would stop his ears.

"Faith," he cried, "I have drawn an old house on my head! Go your own ways, hussies; throw your money down any gutter you please, the good Doctor will not hinder you."

Fortunately for the supposed bridegroom's reputation with the crowd, who despise nothing so much as economy, his remarks had been made in a low voice, and their attention was fixed on the lady in white. She had stepped aside to look at the flower-girl's wares, and was now considering a bunch of deep red damask roses.

"Pish! child," said Swift, "those will never become thee! Lord, Lord! What will Moll and you do when the poor Doctor's gone, and there's no one to tell you when you look frightfully?"

He picked up a bunch of forget-me-nots and tried their effect against the white damask. "See here, miss, an't these the charmingest things? Ods bodikins! Enfeeble me if they an't the prettiest things for showing off a fair skin like your la'ship's, and cheap, dirt cheap at—I mean, what's the price, girl? You should give 'em me cheap for praising your wares better than you could do it yourself. Ah, why, why was I not a mercer? I should have got a fortune by this time, instead of an Irish Deanery. But no matter. Here's the posy for thee, Hess. So—stick it in your bosom just where your hood ties. 'Tis a pity your eyes are not blue, or I could make I know not what fine comparisons. But on my conscience there's not a penn'orth of blue in 'em."

The old grandame was standing at the foot of the steps, bowed over her stick. Her dull gaze was fixed on Esther, and her tremulous under-lip had been moving for some time, but it was only now that audible words came.

"Bless you, bless you, my pretty mistress!" she cried in a hoarse feeble voice, stretching out her deeply-veined, wasted hand and arm. "Happy's the bride the sun shines on. And a beautiful bride you make, mistress, ay, that you do. Old Bess can tell you that—ninety years of age last Martinmas I am, your honours. It's a great age, a great age. Many's the bride I've seen married and buried and all, and by'r Lady, your good gentleman's in luck. God bless your honour, and give you many days

and happy, you and your good lady there. Ninety years old I am, your honour, and hale and lusty for my years."

There was a murmur among the spectators, some echoing the crone's "God bless you," some her praise of the bride, others whispering their own remarks on the couple. While the poor old creature was speaking, Esther turned very pale, and then in a moment the carnation colour rushed over her face from brow to chin. A confused emotion between pleasure and terror and shame made her heart stand still, then give a great bound, and go on beating so loud it seemed to her that the bystanders must hear it. She bowed her face over her bouquet of forget-me-nots, as though she expected them to smell sweet, and made no reply either to Swift or to the old woman. The Dean, far from being embarrassed, seemed rather gratified at the mistake. He smiled slyly and felt for his purse, which always opened at the call of charity. Taking out a shilling he went down the steps and placed it in the crone's hand, folding her small claw-like fingers over it with his own.

"There's for your blessing, grandam," he said, "and I hope I and my good lady, as you call her, may deserve it, though indeed 'tis very doubtful if we do."

Then he bowed gravely to the admiring crowd and returned, delighted at the little mystification, and making a just perceptible grimace at Esther, as one who was sure like himself to find it mighty pleasant.

Esther laughed awkwardly.

"Fie, Mr. Dean! Behave now, do! These good people will be angry when they find how they are deceived, and by a Dean too."

"I believe you are angry yourself, Governor Huff," he said. "You are as red as a turkey-cock. Silly!"

Then he paid for the forget-me-nots and for some other flowers which he presented to Mrs. Vanhomrigh and Molly.

"'Tis a most profligate expenditure," he said. "But 'tis the last, the farewell extravagance, committed for the spendatious hussies of the slutt'ry sisterhood. Faith, it gives me short sighs to think on't."

A subdued sound of wailing and lamentation went up from Mrs. Vanhomrigh and Molly; decorously subdued because they were now entering the church. He waited for Essie to join in it, but she made no sign.

"Still angry, Governor Huff?" he asked in her ear. "Is it

so unpardonable a crime for a luckless wretch, such as I, to play for a moment at being a happy man? Well, may you never know what 'tis to be miserable!"

"I do," she answered shortly in a deep tone, not looking at him but gazing straight before her.

"Tilly-vally!" he exclaimed; then checking himself—for was not this perhaps the last day of many days, which he was more loth than he had thought to bring to an end?—"Well, at least you know what 'tis to be happy."

A slow illuminating smile passed over Esther's face, and her eyes, though fixed on the same point, were wider.

"Yes," she answered.

"Ah! I do not. There's the difference," he replied bitterly.

Now the real bride and bridegroom drove up at the same moment to opposite doors of the church, but their arrival received only the amount of notice that the crowd bestows on that of guests at a wedding. A *déshabillé*, or as it was called a Mob, was considered a very proper costume for a bride on such a private occasion, but it was not one to set off the scant and gawky charms of Miss Stone.

"Lord! An't she a pea-hen of a woman!" cried Molly to the Dean, as he hurried into the vestry to don his surplice. Molly had a habit of making audible remarks on persons in her near neighbourhood, but the same Providence which protects drunken men and children, usually preserved her from being overheard. The Dean, who was punctiliously courteous in many respects, and had no claim on that particular Providence, answered by a frown so portentous that it made her seriously uncomfortable for some minutes. Mrs. Vanhomrigh meantime was in a delightful state of excitement, kissing every one within reach, and saying quite loud, as the bridegroom passed up towards the altar, "Lud, girls, I wish either of you may get as proper a fellow;" whereat Mr. Harris, a good-looking young man, fair and fresh and six foot two in his stockings, blushed very much. Being the kind of young man who always does and feels precisely what is expected of him, he was altogether as blushing and constrained as was proper to his position.

Now the church doors were locked, and the whole party, which consisted of little more than a dozen people, stood in the chancel. The Dean, clad in the short and dirty surplice of the parish clergyman, began reading the service in his most impressive manner, and the married ladies present, as used to be

customary at weddings, began to cry. When the final exhortation, which the Dean read to the bride with unnecessary severity, was reached, Mrs. Vanhomrigh, gazing tearfully at her niece, whispered to Molly—

“’Tis just as I said, my dear, when your cousin was cheapening that gown at Delamode’s. There’s five guineas’ worth of bad temper gone into them shoulders.”

“There an’t five guineas’ worth of anything in the train,” replied Molly, disdaining to whisper.

“Sh, child! You should pay attention to the prayers. Sure I hope the boy’s going round to ask all the folks to dinner. Have you heard say whether Cousin Annesley’s moved to his new house at Chelsea yet? ’Twould be plaguey provoking should he not get the invitation.”

In marrying their daughter privately the Stones did what was usual with sensible persons of the middle-class, who were averse to incurring the worry and expense of a public ceremony and the three or four days of pandemonium which succeeded it. On such an occasion the young couple would leave the church separately and meet again at a tavern or at the house of a friend, where they would dine and divert themselves with the small wedding-party for the rest of the day, giving a reception at their own home on the following one. Mrs. Vanhomrigh had offered her house for this purpose, and the arrangement was equally agreeable to the Stones, to whom spending money at a tavern seemed little short of profligacy, and to Madam Van who dearly loved to see company and to play a part, no matter how humble, in a wedding. So private an affair was repugnant to her, but she consoled herself by planning the fine doings there should be when her own daughters were married, and by inviting as many relatives as could be got together at a few hours’ notice.

Swift resisted all pressure to join the party at dinner, boldly alleging his dislike of the crowd, the heat, the superabundant food and drink, and the time-honoured wit that he would be certain to find there. He came in later to taste the bridecake and take a dish of tea, but he looked gloomy and preoccupied.

“Call you this privacy, Madam Van?” he asked, looking round the crowded room. “’Tis as public as an auction.”

“A fig for your privacy! ’Tan’t privacy they want, ’tis cheapness,” returned the heated and radiant Madam Van. “Yet ’twould be a pity if the drums, poor creatures, couldn’t get wind of the matter. Live and let live, say I.”



"O pray live, madam, if you find any amusement in it, and let anything else live except the drums. They may fitly beat a quick march for a couple of simpletons into the battle of married life, but why should they confoundedly punish every unoffending creature in the neighbourhood?"

"Mr. Dean, you're one of them stout pagans that make the stoutest Christians, when they're converted. Let's drink to your conversion. Hess, child, fill the Doctor out a dish of tea. Lord! how finely he read the service this morning!"

"No thanks to Moll," returned the Dean, "with her comparison of the pea-hen. Do but look at the bride-thing there, with her strut and her neck and her nose! A pea-hen! 'Twas a wonder I did not say in the midst of the business, 'Moll, you are an agreeable wretch!'"

"So 'twas Moll you was thinking of all the time," said Esther. "Sure she's high in favour to engross your thoughts even in church."

"She did not *engross* my thoughts, Miss Essie," returned Swift in a lower key. "What! D'ye think with the Archbishop, I have no religion?"

"Why do you think about Moll in church, sir? 'Twas a thankless sin, for she does not bestow a thought upon you."

"Now you are jealous as the devil! There's another person I think of in church sometimes, little Hesskin," he added gravely, "and pray for us both together, that we may be delivered from the spleen and live in charity with our neighbours. I pray the Almighty very earnestly that He may make us both more content and better Christians than we are; and since He does not require informing so much as most prayer-makers believe, I leave it to Him to decide which of us lacks most in doctrine and which in practice."

Here the bride, too elated by her position and the unusual dimensions of the men of the Harris family, to be afraid of the Dean of St. Patrick's, came up with her mother to thank him for officiating.

"Sure, sir, my father-in-law—the fine big old gentleman yonder, who you may have heard tell of in the City—protests you are so fine a man that when he came into church he took you to be an Archbishop. Lord! We would not for the world have been married by the little scrub parson of the parish, no higher than Moll there. Such folks shouldn't be in the Church; 'tis impossible to reverence 'em."

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"Certainly, madam," replied the Dean, "if promotion were measured out fairly to the clergy, so much to every square inch of 'em, I might hope by a generous diet to fit myself for a bishopric in *partibus Infidelium*—which means Ireland, you know—and I trust, but I cannot be sure, that your housewifery would be good enough to bring Mr. Harris to the primacy before very long."

"Sir, your most obleeged," replied the young lady, curtseying. "Mr. Harris will be vastly obleeged when he hears your good opinion of him."

"Yes I have a good opinion of Mr. Harris, madam. I think him a worthy and amiable young man and an excellent clergyman, and I trust you will always submit to him and esteem him as greatly your superior in wisdom and in virtue, as both reason and duty bid you to do. Yet do not, as many wives use, tease him with a foolish fondness which he cannot be expected to reciprocate. For you must not forget, madam, that however a lover may talk of charms and raptures, marriage puts a sudden and complete end to the ridiculous illusion of what is called Love. But I trust 'twas no more than a reasonable liking that instigated this match of yours and Mr. Harris's."

The unlucky object of his homily looked by this time inclined to cry, and Esther plucked him by the sleeve. So he wound up his remarks more mildly. "Endeavour then to become worthy of your husband's friendship and esteem; for this is the only means by which you can make marriage a blessing rather than a curse."

"Good Heaven, sir!" exclaimed Esther in a low voice, as the disconcerted bride retreated, "will you never be tired of preaching homilies against women and marriage? Sure you must consider both of more importance than you pretend, or you would talk of 'em less. You may hector your brides of quality to your heart's content, but I do not love to have you frighten my cousin on her wedding-day, and in my mother's house."

Swift shrugged his shoulders uneasily.

"O I cannot abide a fool, Brat. You should not have let your cousin be a fool, if you wanted me to be civil to her. But I cry you mercy; only do not let the Governor chide too much to-day, lest we should part in unkindness."

The truth was that on returning to his lodgings from the church, he had found a note from the gentleman with whom he proposed to ride on his journey as far as Chester, telling him to

be ready to start on the morrow, should they call for him. Amid all the bitterness and humiliation of his exile, for as such he reckoned his promotion to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, it added greatly to his depression, to think that he must now part in a very definite manner from these friends who had made him a kind of home in London. Brilliant, interesting, intoxicating as had been the three years of his life there, to one of his sensitive nature they would have been far less happy without the back-ground of that hospitable house of neighbour Van's, where he might keep his gown when necessary and find it mended, and dine on a wet day, and pass those odd hours when he could not love his own company, chiding, instructing, being chidden and worshipped by three women, each in her own way above the common. The hour had come when these pleasant relations must cease, and he delayed to say farewell because like most English people, he shrank from a set scene of emotion, and also because in the back of his mind there floated a vague consciousness which he utterly refused to crystallise into thought; a consciousness that there was something more serious and complex in these relations than he had intended, and that breaking them off would not be quite so natural and easy as he had always supposed it would be. He was exceedingly sensitive to all claims upon him, and perhaps for that very reason shrunk from allowing them to be set up. This feeling was not the source of his resolution against marriage, but it helped very much to strengthen it. He imagined that by avoiding that particular bond he avoided giving to any one person a dominant claim upon his life; his mind accepted this superficial reasoning, but his heart had too much "intelligence of love" to be wholly deceived by it. He had taken the responsibility of a woman's life when he had brought Esther Johnson, then a beautiful and attractive girl, to Ireland; when he had made himself so completely and obviously the centre of her existence that her marriage with another was impossible from her own point of view and from that of any lover but one of very dull perceptions. When, on the appearance of such a lover, he had, while pretending to listen to his application for Mrs. Johnson's hand, practically discouraged him, and in private ridiculed him to the lady of his choice with all the bitterness of a jealous rival. He would not for the world have acknowledged that in acting thus he had given her at least as strong claims upon him as he would have done by making her his wife. Yet

when he said to himself that his return to P. P. T. meant the end of his intimacy with the Vanhomrighs, it was to those unacknowledged claims that he yielded.

He had not yet made up his mind in what fashion he might best let Esther Vanhomrigh know that this was in all probability their last meeting, when Mrs. Stone brought up several relatives to be introduced to the Dean of St. Patrick's and to congratulate him on his promotion. Others who were slightly acquainted with him, but had not met him since the news of it was public, came round to add their congratulations, which he received with a genial grace, as though he were indeed immensely pleased at his own good fortune. Esther had seen this little comedy before, but continued to be impatient of it. She herself neither could nor would dissimulate her sentiments or opinions, and it seemed to her undignified for this greatest of men to be pretending gratitude for, delight in, what was really a slight, almost an insult. For had not his obscure predecessor in the Deanery been put into a Bishopric merely to keep him out of it? So she loudly declared herself unable to congratulate Dr. Swift on an appointment so unequal to his deserts, banishing him as it did from the civilized world, and unable to believe him so ignorant of his own merit as to be content with it. Swift was as proud as herself in his way, but more worldly wise, and he was evidently displeased at her intervention, though it brought him in a harvest of hollow compliments from the bystanders.

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, standing at a little distance, could not perceive this jar; she only saw the Dean and Esther the centre of an animated group, and Molly at the harpsichord in the back parlour with a contingent of emulous admirers, each and all bent on turning over her music. If anything could have put her in higher spirits than before, these two sights would have done so. Now that she had made Mrs. Stone every possible compliment on the appearance, manners and prospects of the bride and bridegroom, she observed:

"My stars! How we shall miss the good Doctor—Dean, I should say—when he crosses that nasty puddle yonder! He's the good-naturedest man in the world, as you may have seen for yourself, sister."

"Well, you know him best, Sister Vanhomrigh," replied Mrs. Stone bluntly. "But he seems to me a rather sour-spoken gentleman. 'Twas enough to terrify anybody, let alone a bride, the way he spoke to Sarah."



"'Tis just his downright way," returned Mrs. Vanhomrigh. "He's all candour, all straightforwardness, Susan—not one of your mealy-mouthed gentlemen that's full of slipperiness and deceptions. When a woman's been as much in the world as I have, she will not trust your smooth fellows." And Madam Van shook her pretty bright-eyed head wisely, as one who lived in a deep and continual state of suspicion of her fellow-mortals.

"Well, sister, 'tis an odd thing to hear a clergyman speak so of holy matrimony. I hope your Esther may bring him to better dispositions."

"He might be in better, Sue, and he might be in worse, for he might not consider the matter at all," replied Mrs. Vanhomrigh. "However, I'm not one of them that's anxious to rid themselves of their dear daughters, and I believe there's no man they can marry but I shall often wish 'em at home again."

"I must bid you farewell, Madam Van," said the Dean, coming up with an artificial air of ease, "and that very like for a long time. I am told to hold myself in readiness for a start to-morrow, if it should prove convenient to my friends who purpose to ride with me. I will not make long speeches and talk wisely, lest Moll there should overhear me and laugh. Farewell, madam, and God bless you and yours!"

He shook hands warmly with the Vanhomrighs, bowed to the rest of the company and vanished, saying to himself as he went down the stairs, that partings being disagreeable things it was better for all parties to get the business done as quickly and publicly as possible, so that there might be neither time nor place for tiresome compliments and conventional expansions of sentiment.

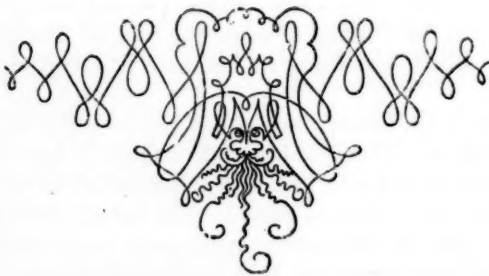
So he went home to Bury Street, pleased to have got the thing over and determined to resist the tide of black and bitter melancholy which was rising in his mind at the prospect of his departure.

Meantime in St. James's Street his leave-taking did not give such satisfaction. Mrs. Vanhomrigh was in a few respects the woman of the world she loved to think herself in all, and after the first loud expressions of surprise and regret, she let the company know that she was not in reality very much surprised, and felt sure the Dean would be back again before long. And this was not far from the truth, for Swift had already delayed going to Ireland longer than was expected, and no one believed he would stay there. For Esther, it was as though the world had suddenly

shattered round her. He was gone. It was incredible. Another might still have considered the company present, but for her whose nature it was to be always concentrated on one point, they did not exist. She stood where he had left her, deadly pale and mechanically opening and shutting her fan. Some one spoke to her, but she did not return any answer, and Molly observed the speaker, who was Aunt Stone's younger son, exchange a sneering smile with his sister Anna. Moll came up to her sister, and rearranging a knot of her ribbons said: "You should not have been standing all this while, when you was so poorly yesterday. Come into the back parlour, for Cousin Edward and Mr. Tom Harris are setting out a table for 'One and Thirty.' Do you not love a round game, Anna?"

The Vanhomrigh ladies were too fond of conversation to be ardent card-players, though for fashion's sake they were obliged to set out tables when they had company. Esther hated a round game, but she submitted to being put down to the table, where she played with conspicuous inattention to her cards and her money. Before the game was half over there came an urgent message from the Dean, saying he had dropped a folded slip of paper from his pocket, and that it was of the utmost importance it should be found. He sent a tiny note to Esther, which she opened with a throb of expectation, but it only contained the words—"Lost the key to a cipher. Seek! Seek!! Seek!!!"

*(To be continued.)*



## GRAY AND HIS LETTERS.

GRAY has some claim to be considered the most universally interesting of the better known figures in our literary history. For one thing, though by far the least productive of our greater poets, he is the author of the most popular poem in the language. But that is not the only respect in which his position is unique. Lovers of poetry in this country may be roughly divided into two camps: those whose favourite study is the great line of imaginative poets which stretches from Chaucer to Milton, and again from Wordsworth to the present day, and those whose bent lies rather among the prose poets from Dryden to Johnson. No one, of course, could pretend that Gray arouses in us anything like the "wonder and astonishment" which are the tribute paid always and everywhere, without question or hesitation, to the transcendent powers of Shakespeare; or the reverent gratitude, not unmingled with some touch of awe, which we feel in presence of Milton's lofty character, or when listening to the solemn and stately march of his great poem. But of Shakespeare himself we know little or nothing, and none dare presume to be familiar with Milton. He is a prophet and master to all, and no man's intimate. But, if we put these greater men aside, Gray may seem, of all the poets whom we know well, the most generally interesting, for he has the singular advantage of belonging, in some sort, to both the groups into which our poets naturally fall, and possessing attractions which appeal to both parties. We know Johnson better, no doubt, and Pope and Cowper as well, but Johnson and Pope move strictly within the limits of their century, and Cowper was altogether a lesser man than Gray. Gray, too, of course, belongs to his century as every man must, and has its characteristic features. No one can read his letters without seeing that the silly sort of gossip in which the men and women of his day so specially delighted, had its

attractions for him. And the spirit of the age has everywhere, or almost everywhere, left its mark upon his poetry. What can be more completely in that spirit, for instance, that spirit, too, at its very worst, than such a passage as—

“The star of Brunswick smiles serene,  
And gilds the horrors of the deep.”

Then we find him thinking Le Sueur almost equal to Raphael, a piece of pure eighteenth century criticism, and failing altogether to appreciate Collins. There could be no more striking proof, considering how much he and Collins had in common with each other, and in contrast with every other poet of the time, of the extent to which he shared the prejudices of his age. The remarkable thing, however, the thing which gives him his unique interest, is that he was not altogether of his time; that though living with Mason and Walpole, he could step into a sphere never entered, or as much as dreamt of, by them or the men they most admired. There is no need to go farther than that very Installation Ode in which the “Star of Brunswick smiles serene” and “gilds the horrors of the deep,” to find proof that Gray had in him something not only better than bombast of this sort, but belonging to an altogether different, an infinitely purer and truer, order of ideas.

Who would believe that—

“Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,  
The bees’ collected treasures sweet;  
Sweet music’s melting fall, but sweeter yet  
The still small voice of gratitude”—

was written before even the birth of Wordsworth? Or, again, what could more completely mark the poet inspired by nature, as opposed to the poet whose mainspring is his own cleverness, or the praise of “the town,” than such lines as—

“There pipes the woodlark, and the song-thrush there  
Scatters his loose notes in the waste of air.”

It is only fair to insist on this side of Gray’s character and poetical position, because an attempt has been made to deny it in the most recent book about him. Mr. Tovey, in his little volume called ‘Gray and his Friends,’ has given us, in the first place, a fairly complete picture of West, and Gray’s friendship for him, made up from their correspondence, and from various compositions of West’s which have survived; secondly, some new

letters of Gray, none of which, however, are of great interest ; and lastly, some 'Notes on Travel,' which Mr. Gosse had justly called "rather dry and impersonal," and a few miscellaneous fragments in prose and verse. No doubt where so little is left of an interesting figure, as in Gray's case, it is very tempting to publish all that we can get hold of ; but the modern rage for printing and giving to the world with an air of great importance every trivial scrap of paper that bears the name of a poet, or of any of his relations or friends, even though it be nothing but a laundress's bill, or a note of orders to a servant, has not much to recommend it, and I am not sure that there is a great deal of real interest in what Mr. Tovey has published. Much that is curious there is, certainly, and nothing that lovers of Gray can regret ; but there is, at the same time, nothing that can claim a permanent place as literature. The Gray and West correspondence is interesting ; but Gray's letters were already well known, and West's letters and fragments are only remarkable as showing that he was a most amiable and even charming man, in every respect a worthy friend for Gray. They cannot give him any independent place in literary history. Nothing is gained by crowding the gallery of literature with pretty portraits of people who, however agreeable and amiable, have no real place there. Still, no doubt there is no harm in publications of this sort, and the book has its interest, if not for the lover of literature, at least for the lover of Gray. But it is to be regretted that Mr. Tovey, in adding to our knowledge of Gray and his circle, should have thought it necessary to try to undo the effect of the best appreciation Gray ever received. Everyone remembers Matthew Arnold's essay on Gray, in which he took for his text the remark made after Gray's death by his friend Brown—"He never spoke out." "Gray, a born poet, fell upon an age of prose." "Born in the same year with Milton, Gray would have been another man ; born in the same year with Burns, he would have been another man." "On the contrary," says Mr. Tovey, "he would have been the same man, but a less finished artist, if he had been born in 1608. On whatever times he might have fallen, if he had attempted to sing of contemporary kings and battles, Apollo would have twitched his ear." Mr. Tovey, in fact, insists that Gray's sterility was in himself, not in his surroundings.

Now it is only reasonable to require considerable evidence before setting aside a deliberate judgment of a man like Matthew Arnold in such a matter as this. Long training,

working on a critical faculty so rich and penetrating as his, give to a man's judgments almost the inevitableness and certainty of instinct; and this would be especially the case in dealing with a poet like Gray, with whom Matthew Arnold had a curious affinity. Then it is fair also to say that it is not a question of kings and battles, contemporary or otherwise. Gray would have found his subject, if he could have found heart to sing with, in that chilling atmosphere. It was not a song, but a voice, that he wanted. "A sort of spiritual east wind was at that time blowing: neither Butler nor Gray could flower. They never spoke out." I do not think that any one who reads Gray's poems with anything like care or thought ought to miss the fact that the cast of his mind was entirely different from that of the men of his day, and that he was conscious of this himself. But if the poetry is not conclusive in itself—and it must be conceded that his poetical language is, in the main, that of his time—the letters, and the picture they give of his life, leave no doubt at all about the matter. It is perfectly clear that his thoughts and ways and doings were not as those of other eighteenth century men. He anticipated the imaginative revival which was to follow at the end of the century in more points than one. He studied and loved the old English poetry long before Percy's 'Reliques' made such studies the fashion; he delighted in mountain scenery, and went through great discomforts to enjoy it, in an age when to all other men the Alps were simply a gloom and a horror: he was one of the earliest lovers of Gothic architecture, and, in his most famous work at least, he appeared as a poet of nature among the crowd of wits and poets of the town. To him the Wye is full of "nameless wonders"; a mountain is a "creature of God," and the Grande Chartreuse a scene "that would awe an atheist into belief." The beautiful and perfect Alcaic Ode, "O tu severi religio loci," which he wrote in the monks' album at the Chartreuse, is well known, though not so well known as it should be. Rarely, if ever, has so much genuine and deep feeling been expressed in a language not the author's own. Can it really be supposed that a man of this sort did not lose by being placed in the first half of the last century? Is it not as certain as anything can be in the study of human minds, that Gray would have greatly gained by living under the inspiration of Milton, or in the companionship of Wordsworth and Coleridge? That single striking phrase, "a creature of God," applied as Gray applied it, is proof enough, and more than



enough. There is in it the germ of all that Wordsworth felt and taught. It is too late now to put the clock back. Matthew Arnold's brilliant essay let in in a moment a flood of light upon Gray, and showed him as he was, silent and alone, with no friend, it must always be remembered, who was able really to understand him. No protest can be too strong against any attempt to close the shutters again and restore the old darkness. The serious attempt to understand the minds and the exact positions of our poets must always be a difficult one ; and it is too much to ask us to go back upon an onward step once taken.

I have said that the letters of Gray throw great light on the peculiar position he held in his time ; and so they do. But they have besides a rare interest and charm of their own, and it is of that that I wish to speak more particularly now. Gray's letters are, in fact, among the very best in the language. Lovers of literature will not, perhaps, find their choice of language so delightfully and quite unconsciously perfect as Cowper's : and Gray had not Cowper's gift of retaining throughout life a child's intense pleasure in little things, which is one of the chief reasons that make the picture given in Cowper's letters so complete and finished, and the charm of them at once so simple and so lasting. Men who see even so much of the great world as Gray saw generally lose, consciously or unconsciously, the beautiful traits which childhood will, here and there, under other circumstances, hand on to mature age. Nor did the spring of Gray's humour bubble up so pure and clear and constant as Cowper's. But then Cowper's lighter letters are the best letters in the language : Gray need not fear comparison with any one else. No one can deal with large questions in a larger spirit than he can, when he chooses : he has, too, a genuine power of description : he is full of the love of nature, especially of birds and flowers, which he studies with the methodical watchfulness of a man of science, as well as with the love of a poet : notes on art and literature, often of rare insight and power, are scattered everywhere in his letters : and then, if none of all these things interest us, there is the interest of his perpetual picture of himself and his friends, and what they thought and said and did. I cannot begin better than with one or two of these sketches he gives of himself. He is quite at his best in them, his unbosomings, like those of many reserved men, if very rare, being also very full and frank. Of course only the most intimate friends were favoured with them, and probably even to them he would never have made up his

mind to *say* half so much as he could, now and then, put on paper from a safe distance. Every shy man has felt the pleasure of writing what he knows he would die rather than say. And so I suspect even West and Wharton knew him best from his letters, or, at least, so far as he ever helped them to the key of his curious character, it was most likely to be in the occasional confessions to be found in his letters to them. To them, more than to any of his other friends, I think, West is plainly the friend he was nearest to in his early years: and the letters to Wharton, whom he once addresses as "My dear, dear Wharton, which is a dear more than I give anybody else," have the most easy and intimate sound of any in later life. Here is a bit of one of the earliest extant letters, telling West what he thought of Cambridge.

"You must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinencies to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think), love them the better for it; and, indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in too much light—I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it."

We get a fairly good idea of one side of Gray from this; but we may add to it a more complete portrait which was sent to West from Florence four years later.

"As I am recommending myself to your love, methinks I ought to send you my picture; you must add, then, to your former idea, two years of age, a reasonable quantity of dulness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles, than is, thinking; a confused notion of many strange and fine things that have swum before my eyes for some time, a want of love for general society, indeed, an inability to it. On the good side, you may add a sensibility for what others feel, and indulgence for their faults and weaknesses, a love of truth, and detestation of everything else. Then you are to deduct a little impertinence, a little laughter, a great deal of pride, and some spirit. These are all the alterations I know of—you perhaps may find more."

A less carefully analysed and more poetical picture is one he sent to Horace Walpole, while on one of his earliest visits to the Stoke and Burnham country, which was to become so inseparably associated with his name. He says he has arrived safe at his uncle's,

"Who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half-a-mile, through a green lane, a forest all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous. . . . At the foot of one of these squats Me, I, (*il penseroso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there."

There may be something of art in the drawing of a picture like this; but an artist naturally uses all his powers when he paints himself: and no one can deny the charm of the effect produced. And its being sent to Horace Walpole is a proof, if proof were needed, of the genuineness of their friendship in those early days before the quarrel. Gray evidently feels that he is writing to one who will both understand and appreciate his delight in what he describes.

But if we are to let Gray talk of anything but himself we must pass on. Everyone has read and admired his excellent literary judgments. In speaking of Aristotle or Socrates, or again in speaking of Froissart, he was of course exactly in his own province: no man ever had a clearer idea of the qualities which do, and those which do not, entitle a book to claim a place as literature. But his freshness and directness, and the unconscious determination to see things as they really are, which always marks a powerful mind, give a real interest and value to what he says on subjects, not so strictly within his own province. Take what he says of the arguments of Materialism.

"That we are indeed mechanical and dependent beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings ; and from the same feelings I learn with equal conviction that we are not merely such, that there is a power within that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands its motion, and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call *Habit* ; and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion to that least material of all agents, a Thought."

Could we have a better picture, more coldly and cruelly direct, of that impenetrable rock of common-sense against which the most persistent, the most apparently triumphant, determinism beats itself in vain.

The same good sense, which he deals out in judgment on books and philosophies, he can apply also to practical matters like the choice of a profession. Here is a bit from a long letter of affectionate advice sent from Florence to West, who did not find the legal atmosphere of the Temple particularly congenial.

"Examples shew one that it is not absolutely necessary to be a blockhead to succeed in this profession. The labour is long, and the elements dry and unentertaining ; nor was ever anybody (especially those that afterwards made a figure in it) amused or even not disgusted in the beginning ; yet upon a further acquaintance, there is surely matter for curiosity and reflection. It is strange if, among all that huge mass of words, there be not somewhat intermixed for thought. Laws have been the result of long deliberation, and that not of dull men, but the contrary ; and have so close a connection with history, nay, with philosophy itself, that they must partake a little of what they are related to so nearly. Besides, tell me, have you ever made the attempt ? Are you sure, if Coke had been printed by Elzevir and bound in twenty neat pocket volumes, instead of one folio, you should never have taken him for an hour, as you would a Tully, or drank your tea over him ? I know how great an obstacle ill spirits are to resolution. Do you really think, if you rid ten miles every morning, in a week's time you should not entertain much stronger hope of the Chancellorship and think it a much more probable thing than you do at present ? To me there hardly appears to be any medium between a public life and a private one ; he who prefers the first, must put himself in a way of being serviceable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among them. Nay, he must not refuse being in a certain degree even dependent upon some men who are so already. If he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this : if not, his ambition ought to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own

mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for others' service. Such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost always in every one's power."

Gray himself nominally entered upon the study of the law ; but only nominally ; his choice was very soon made in favour of "private happiness" and the "cultivation of his own mind." And, if in this early letter, his bias seems to be somewhat in favour of the law and a public career, twenty years later it had become as distinctly the other way. We find him saying to Wharton :—

"To find oneself business (I am persuaded) is the great art of life ; and I am never so angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own ; and as if they could not go, unless they were wound up. Yet I know and feel, what they mean by this complaint : it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself."

Whatever other genius Gray had, there is no doubt he was remarkably possessed of this genius of self-employment. He likes talking of his laziness, as every student does, but his labours must have been immense. Nowadays that we are all specialists, and a man who knows anything of physics is indignant at the supposition of his having had any time to learn his Greek alphabet, we can only hold our breath in silent awe when we are told that Gray had not only thoroughly read and digested the books that made up the literature of the world, but was also a really learned, archæologist, an enthusiastic student of the history of architecture, a pioneer to some extent by his chronological tables in the systematic study of Greek history, a cultivated and even learned amateur in music, and, what is most astonishing of all to us, an acute, patient, and genuinely scientific observer of natural phenomena. His careful lists, kept from day to day, of the direction of the wind, of the heat his thermometer registers, of the singings and flowerings of birds and plants, would have delighted the heart of the Meteorological and Botanical Societies of the present day. Take one day—April 20, 1760—from a long list he sends Wharton.

*April 20.*—Therm. at 60°. Wind S.W. Skylark, chaffinch, thrush, wren, and robin singing. Horse-chestnut, wildbriar, bramble, and

sallow, had spread their leaves. Hawthorn and lilac had formed their blossoms. Blackthorn, doubleflowered peach, and pears in full bloom : anemones, single wallflowers, and auriculars in flower. In the fields, dog violets, daisies, buttercups, and shepherd's purse."

One wonders that more of our leisured country gentlemen do not realize what a delightful occupation it is to be the daily witness and companion of that eager, onward march to meet the summer which the birds and flowers make every spring! No one could devise a more innocent occupation ; and it is not one of the least useful. A man may enjoy quiet observation of this kind, too, even if he have none of the genuine ardour of the gardener. Gray thought he had this too, but he never had much opportunity of putting his enthusiasm to the proof.

"And so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused ; are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live! My gardens are in the window, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do ; dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own garden, and sit on a bench in the open air with a fountain, and a leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an arbour !"

That his interest in gardening was genuine and serious is proved by his procuring the mention, in one of Count Algarotti's books, of a recognition of our English skill in the matter of landscape gardening, being anxious, as he says, to "save to our nation the only honour it has in matters of taste, and no small one, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it."

The great charm of a collection of letters is, that it lets us see a man in nearly all his moods, and as he actually was at the moment of writing. As long as the letters are spread over a fairly wide period, and are addressed to a fairly wide circle of correspondents, they can hardly fail to tell us their tale, even when most unwilling. Insincerity, with letters as with a journal, must almost always fail, so long as they remain as originally written. When touched up, they of course become autobiographies, which may easily be very successful frauds. But give us what a man, however insincerely, wrote at a particular moment of his life, and we know, if not what he *was*, at least what he wished to appear, and that is, after all, no bad key to



what he really was, especially when it can be applied frequently to almost every year of his life. It has been said by Mr. Goldwin Smith, perhaps in an unnecessarily off-hand way, that "Gray's letters are manifestly written for publication." I can see no sign of this, with regard to the great bulk of them, except that when he has described anything carefully and well in one letter, he is apt to use the same phrases in another, and that, I suppose, we all do, unconsciously if not consciously. But in any case, with so many letters and so different, I do not see how any one can doubt that we know the real Gray as he actually was in life. The variety of correspondence is a great safeguard in a matter of this kind. A man naturally writes of what he knows will interest his correspondent. And so we might never have been able to realise, to the full extent, Gray's affectionate study of the classics if we had lost the letters to West, the only one of his friends who was anything like his equal as a scholar. It would be an impossible stretch of affectation to write a letter like the following to any one who was not well read in his Greek and Latin authors.

"You see, by what I send you, that I converse as usual with none but the dead : they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them. You will not wonder, therefore, that I, who live only in times past, am able to tell you no news of the present. I have finished the Peloponnesian war, much to my honour, and a tight conflict it was, I promise you. I have drank and sung with Anacreon for the last fortnight, and am now feeding sheep with Theocritus. Besides, to quit my figure (because it is foolish) I have run over Pliny's Epistles and Martial *ἐκ παρέργου*; not to mention Petrarch, who, by the way, is sometimes very tender and natural. I must needs tell you three lines in Anacreon, where the expression seems to me inimitable. He is describing hair as he would have it painted.

Ἐλικας δ' ελευθέρους μοι  
Πλοκάμων ἄτακτα συνθείς  
Ἀφες ὡς θέλωσι κείσθαι."

The picking out of these three lines is proof of a power of poetic appreciation, rare at any time, and most of all, perhaps, at the time Gray wrote. It is the beauty of such passages, with their wonderful combination of richness and simplicity, that is the reward of the Greek scholar and the despair of the translator. We can all see their charm when a Gray lends us his eyes for the purpose; but how many of us would have seen it with our own, and pulled up in our reading to learn them by heart?

But, if West brings out Gray's love of books, Wharton will produce for us the lighter side of his character. Who would not like to have received such a letter as this, and gone down in obedience to it to meet the poet "slipping" into the Cambridge coffee-house?

MY DEAR WHARTON,—This is only to entreat you would order *mes gens* to clean out the apartments, spread the carpets, air the beds, put up the tapestries, unpaper the frames, etc., fit to receive a great potentate, who comes down in the flying coach, drawn by green dragons on Friday, the 10th instant. As the ways are bad, and the dragons a little out of repair, it will probably be late when he lands, so he would not choose to be known, and desires there may be no bells, nor bonfires. But as persons incog. love to be seen, he will slip into the coffee-house. Is Mr. Trollope among you? Good luck, he will pull off my head for never writing to him. Oh, Conscience, Conscience!

Here is another letter that must have made a breakfast go down very comfortably. I suppose it is the only contemporary account of the opening of the British Museum; anyhow it is the best.

London, July 24, 1759.

I am now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford Gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a course of moving pictures as would astonish you; so rus-in-urbe-ish, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles's and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air and sunshine and quiet, however, to comfort you. And I trust that the Museum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all inconveniences.

He then describes the company assembled in the reading-room on that opening day:—

"We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston; secondly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton of York; thirdly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; fourthly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself—the very worst person he could write for; and lastly, I, who only read to know if there be anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed one thousand copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have only sold fourscore; that they have £900 a year income and spend £1300, and are building apartments for the underkeepers, so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction."

In another letter he finishes up with : "The University (we hope) will buy," an anticipation which may cause some amusement in Great Russell Street, as may also his account of the early amenities shown by the keepers to each other.

"When I call it peaceful, you are to understand it only of us visitors, for the society itself, trustees and all, are up in arms like the fellows of a college. The keepers have broke off all intercourse with one another, and only lower a silent defiance as they pass by. Dr. Knight has walled up the passage to the little house, because some of the rest were obliged to pass by one of his windows in the way to it."

I think I have quoted enough to show how very readable Gray's letters are, both in themselves and in the pictures they give of the man and of his times. It is really not too much to say that he never wrote a dull letter. His mind is so fresh and alert, he is so open to impression from every side, so alive to see and note whatever of interest is going on about him, that his letters nearly always have about them a certain spring and motion which is peculiarly delightful. There may possibly be a few people who have grown weary of the languor and insipidity of the ordinary novel, and do not know where to go for light reading. Have they ever tried our English letter writers? Letters cannot, no doubt, claim a very high place as serious literature, but they might fairly, one would think, carry on a successful rivalry with the fatiguing productions of our inexhaustible lady novelists. If any one has a fancy to amuse himself with society and politics, Horace Walpole will give him Duchesses and Countesses and Secretaries of State, and real ones too, to his heart's content. If his taste be country life and quiet humour, he will not find them anywhere in greater perfection than in Cowper. If, like some men and many women, I believe, he reads novels to teach himself how to behave in polite society, Lord Chesterfield is the acknowledged authority in such matters, and has no objection to go into details. Or, if he be possessed of larger interests, or have an ear which asks for a lightness of hand and sureness of touch, a power of writing English, in fact, not at present possessed by more than one of our novelists, let him go to Gray, and the shy little poet of the "Elegy" may prove as interesting as many of the heroines of his previous acquaintance. At any rate his clear, pointed, vigorous language, as pure as it is firm and crisp, cannot fail of its charm. Everybody enjoys the spell of a genuine and original

personality, which lives its own life and goes its own way ; and Gray was that, at least, if nothing else. In mind and character, as in trees and plants, the surest sign of life is growth ; and Gray never ceased to grow up to the very end. He was always breaking up the fallow ground, and filling in the vacant spaces all his life. "The mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments," he says in one place : and in another, "the drift of my present studies is to know, wherever I am, what lies within reach that may be worth seeing, whether it be building, ruin, park, garden, prospect, picture, or monument ; to whom it does, or has belonged, and what has been the characteristic and taste of different ages." He is all eager for travel, and sees that it always adds something worth having to a man. "Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles ?" And his travelling was not only the fashionable progress through the Continental capitals ; he may be called the discoverer of the mountains. When he came back from the Highlands, he said : "The Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen that have not been among them ;" and neat and particular little man as he was, he was not afraid when he was fifty-two to make a walking tour alone in the Lakes, doing three hundred miles in seventeen days, if Mr. Gosse's interpretation of a passage in one of his letters is to be trusted. The journal which he wrote for Wharton records his delight in the scenery, as well as the adventures he went through. Here is one which shows how indefatigable he was :

"Dined by two o'clock at the Queen's Head, and then straggled out alone to the Parsonage ; fell down on my back across a dirty lane, with my glass open in one hand, but broke only my knuckles ; stayed nevertheless and saw the sun set in all his glory."

The next day after this was one of his happiest : I must find room for a bit of what he says about it.

"*October 3.*—Wind at S.E., a heavenly day. Rose at seven, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to Borrodale. The grass was covered with a hoar frost, which soon melted and exhaled in a thin bluish smoke . . . . Our path tends to the left, and the ground gently rising, and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the

very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view that my eyes ever beheld. Behind you are the magnificent heights of Walla-Crag ; opposite lie the thick hanging woods of Lord Egremont and Newland valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs ; to the left the jaws of Borrodale, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion ; beneath you, and stretching far away to the right, the shining purity of the Lake, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to show it is alive, reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of mountains, with the white buildings of Keswick and Skiddaw for a background at a distance. Oh, Doctor ! I never wished more for you !”

The enthusiasm which could carry a gouty man the wrong side of fifty through all this would be rare in our own day ; in Gray's it was quite unique, and points to a real originality of character in him. Intellectual acuteness was common enough in those days : qualities of soul, among which a love of mountain scenery may without extravagance be ranked, were not common — never indeed are common. To feel, of oneself and by oneself, and not at second hand, that God's voice is audible among the mountains in an altogether special way, to him who has but ears to hear it, is what does not come to every man, does not come indeed to any man, who has not a more than common soul. But that is just what Gray habitually felt. In the highlands of Scotland, on the Grande Chartreuse, in the roads that wind through the English lakes, it is everywhere the same : he feels that the presence of the mountains is the presence of God. His more than English reserve as to his inner life is apt to make us remember nothing of him but the variety and fascination of his intellectual gifts. But, by doing so, we lose a most real and characteristic side of his character. The same man, whose mental versatility was such that he was equally at home in pointing out to one correspondent the difference between a *Lepisma* and an *Adenantha*, or giving another the names of the Inkfish in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, with its place in the order of *Mollusca* ; who made real contributions to the studies of English metre and Greek chronology ; who at one moment occupies himself in compiling tables of the weather and the crops, and at another in annotating his large collection of manuscript Italian music, and whose comprehensive powers of appreciation found Socrates “divine,” and the *Comédie Française* “beyond measure delightful,” was all the while as simple as a child in the things of the inner life. He talks little about religion, and we

know nothing of his views about details of doctrine, but his religious feeling was deep, genuine, and unshaken. "No very great wit, he believed in a God," is his own account of himself; and, when any of those things which unlock the secrets of every man's heart—a sorrow, an illness, a death—come upon him or his friends, we find him always the same, speaking the same simple language, breathing the same quiet spirit of resignation and hope. He knows the value of sorrow.

"Methinks I can readily pardon sickness and age and vexation for all the depredations they make within and without, when I think they make us better friends and better men, which I am persuaded is often the case. I am very sure I have seen the best-tempered, generous, tender young creatures in the world, that would have been very glad to be sorry for people they liked when under any pain, and could not, merely for the want of knowing rightly what it was themselves."

And his warning to his young friend Bonstetten against the dangers of pleasure, is that of a man deeply, even anxiously, in earnest.

"You do me the credit—and false or true it goes to my heart—of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so; but they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding, which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and ill company, even when you were but a child. And will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French sophists, the allurements of painted women *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by nature distinguished from all others to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse?"

His tone about these matters is quite uniform: we find him saying of Rousseau: "As to his religious discussions, which have alarmed the world, I set them all at naught, and wish they had been omitted." The same letter curiously enough contains two other things worth noting in the same connection. He says:—

"Mrs. Jonathan told me you begun your evening prayer as soon as I was gone, and that it had a great effect upon the congregation. I hope you have not grown weary of it, nor lay it aside when company comes."

And he adds incidentally: "Poor Mrs. Bonfoy (who taught me to pray) is dead."

Still more clearly do his feelings come out in the actual

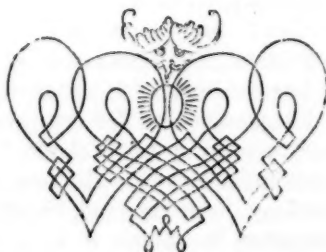


presence of death : "He who best knows our nature," he says on one such occasion, "by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment, from the insolence of youth and prosperity to serious reflection, to our duty, and to Himself." And his letter to Mason, written just when his wife lay dying, is one of the most beautiful ever written at such a moment. I must allow myself to give it in full.

MY DEAR MASON,—I break in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet passed, you will neglect and pardon me ; but if the last struggle be over, if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do were I present more than this), to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart, not her who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu !

So touching a letter raises the man, for whose sorrow Gray's reserve could be so beautifully broken, into something more than poor Mason has been commonly thought to have been ; and for Gray, even if it stood alone in its kind, it would prove that he is to be remembered, not only for his rare and almost unique combination of intellectual gifts, but also for his high qualities of character and soul.

J. C. BAILEY.



## WITH A CLAIRVOYANTE.



THE following notes of a séance have reached us from Australia, and will, we believe, be interesting to many of our readers, as we are able to testify to the trustworthiness of the correspondent who has forwarded us the particulars, and who is himself the owner of the statuette which was submitted to the clairvoyante. The girl whose words are here recorded, as taken down at the time, is of the middle class ; and it is an ascertained fact that she neither knew of the existence of the statuette, nor had heard of its origin or of the place whence it came.

The subject of the following account is a girl of about twenty-one years of age, the daughter of a working carpenter, intelligent, and for her station fairly educated. She experienced no ill-effect from the experiments made on her, and after coming out of the clairvoyant state was perfectly natural, and intimated that her sensations while under the influence of hypnotism were pleasing rather than otherwise. She was perfectly unconscious of anything that had taken place, and, as far as we could test, was perfectly ignorant of any information on the subject of which the séance in the following narrative treats.

The mutilated Greek bronze, one foot of which I placed in her hand while hypnotised, was purchased by me in Alexandria shortly after the bombardment. I had seen it in a shop, and being doubtful of its genuineness did not then purchase it ; but on starting for Suez on my way to Adelaide, I asked my brother and his wife, who accompanied me to the train, to buy it and send it on to me in a package from England, which they did. I told no one of my intention to submit it as a test, and Mr. D., who hypnotised her, had no idea of what I had put into her hand until the séance was over. The bust of the bronze remained in my cabinet and has not been seen to this day by either. I may

say that the description of it is exact and so minute that I had myself to verify the statement that the ends of the wreath fell over the shoulder of the bronze, which seems to be a figure of Mercury or Bacchus. The description of the rooms is nearly perfect; but as I altered the locality of the bronze from the library to the drawing-room between the occurrence of the first and second séance there is at one point a little mixing of the description. I may say the girl has never been in my house.

While I was in England on a recent visit, my brother, who had bought a double-headed snake bracelet in Cairo while with me in Egypt on the first occasion and had brought it out with him when he took my place here, had an equally interesting historical description of it, in which a marriage of an Egyptian prince is described. Whether or not it is possible to prove its accuracy, it at least is wonderfully fascinating and apparently altogether beyond the power of such a girl to fabricate or to imagine.

WITH A CLAIRVOYANTE. MAY 20th, 1886.

*Placed in her hand the foot of a small Greek bronze—*

"It seems as if I were in the ground. I see something in the earth very hard—in veins, there is a lot of it—it is part of the earth.—Seems a cold place. It is a long time ago. Am coming up—am at the top—can see a hole—am picking up a piece, it is hard stuff, all mixed with earth. It is in the country with hills about.

"I see a fire—it's hot against that—a lot of that stuff there—it is a foundry—they are taking it in shovels and putting it into the fire. There is a lot of metal like rusty iron stacked up."

The Clairvoyante, on being told to look at the same place at a later period, adds—

"I see another place. There is a lot of ornamental things hanging up—the people are dark—dressed anyhow, loose things dragging round them. Seems like a house—funny place—big place—square built affair—strong—built of large stones—smooth in front. It has a grand entrance—a hall inside the front steps to go up—stone floor—light stone—it is ornamented about with figures—some people there—queer looking—they have something on without arms or legs. One is lying down on his face. There is something at the end of the hall towards the middle—there is something up there—I think that one is laying himself

down to it. I don't know whether it is a man or an animal—it is not pretty—it is staring at me—it has a man's head—I don't like looking at it—it is big—upon something with a step up to it—it is meant for a man—it is brown. There is another room not so big as the other. It is daylight—light comes from the top—there is a lot of ugly things there, like cats; they look straight—they are queer.—There are beads there also made of something, and long narrow jugs. There is another thing set upon something—the walls are not solid—there are pillars and curtains—the cats are like part cat and part cow—they have no notion of setting, the brutes—they are all straight—they seem only to want the likeness. On the curtains they have drawn birds and cats and jugs and figures like triangles in columns. There is an ugly thing in front of the door, it has a sharp nose—eyes sticking out at the top; the rest is like a snake. Why do they make two animals into one? The head is like an alligator. There is something burning there in little vessels—three of them—it has a funny smell—some kind of herb burning. Three men have water in something—not buckets—an animal's skin—they are throwing it on the floor—they pull up part of the curtain and let the wind dry it—they are putting sand on it. It is a long time ago—two thousand years. Some of the ornaments they have there would be in that foundry—they are bronze—some are jugs—some are heads with horns. The vessels they burn the stuff in are made of that—some are birds—there is a stand in the middle of the floor with water—the feet are like claws—there are three legs—the top is ornamented with leaves of metal, and between is like cats' faces alternate with the leaves. No women are there. The men have long hair. The beards are square, like as they make the animals, straight down from the chin. Three men are walking about swinging the vessels with the burning herbs.—Are they drying the floors? They seem to have charge of the place.

“I am looking at something just before you come into the other room—it is the figure of a man—a nice one—it is not three feet—it is standing on something—it looks about sixteen inches—it has something round the head and over the shoulder like a turban, like as if it were thrown over something—like a wreath—it is a wreath—the eyes are open—there is a dot there—the pupil—dark eyes—don't think them the same as the body, they are a kind of stone fitted in. It has no dress on—a nude figure.”

## SECOND SÉANCE.

"The figure has no arms, it was made without arms. It was meant for somebody that had been alive—had his arms chopped off at the shoulder. It was in that place a long time, nearly a thousand years—it wasn't taken away—the place is not like it was then—it's only ruins now. There has been a war there. The place has been knocked about. It is a hot sandy place. The men seemed big—taller and stouter than I have ever seen before. They seem to be fighting among themselves. The quarrel is about their religion. It must have been a sort of church that place they were in—the place with the ugly things. They are throwing stones at the things. One is dragging down the curtains, another is trying to pull them from him. There are now some women there trying to get in—two women have got in—one of the men has caught them by the hair and is dragging them out—the cruel things. The women think more of the place than the men; they are crying and wiping their eyes with their hair. Some of the men are killed—a man is stepping on a little boy, he doesn't care, he can't avoid it, there are so many. While they are fighting there are other men taking the things away—they are skinny looking, like beggars. Those that are fighting have loose clothes; they wear a sort of skirt and an overall with head and arms through it—they have got a sort of cap on their heads—it is round, goes up to the top with a peak—they are red blue and yellow, with embroidery on them—the others wear turbans.

"The figure I saw was knocked down. I will go after it when they are gone. I see a funny place—people sitting on the roofs of houses—they are flat. I see a big river not a long way off.

"I see lots of donkeys about. I suppose that is a shop—a man with something in his mouth, a piece of cord—it goes inside—he is outside. The street is not much. The man with the cord in his mouth is smoking through it from a bowl inside, it has an ivory mouthpiece. There is a lot of rubbish—it looks as if one had been digging and picking up things—this is a good while after the other—it is only a little while ago. They have got some mats in the place, on the floor; also a lot of flags hanging up.

"I am picking up some of the things to look at. There are different coloured stones, some blue ones. Some old pottery there like some I saw in that place—they are old now and

broken—some birds also. A jug like a bird. There is something else I have got to see—I can see it now—the figure of the man that was knocked down in the place. I am looking at the people in the street—it is not clean—there are goats, and dirty children. I want to go back and see where he got it—I see it now. The first person who got it was a woman who took it home after the fight, but the man took it from her and threw it back into the ruin. I can't understand their language—they use their hands a great deal in their talking. The place now looks all different—all knocked about like—no notice taken of it now. It has got covered up and buried with sand. It does not look like the same place—does not look as if there ever had been a house there."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I see the shop. Another man coming in there. A native has a red cloth on his head—he put his hand up like making a bow—said something—he wants that statue—he is not giving him money for it—he is giving him some stones and red cloth in exchange—he is going away with it—he has got a shop too, better than the other in a larger street, it is more like a shop. Seems to have a lot of rubbish there—has beads there—they look as if they were made of wood—they are dark, some look like seeds. Some old crockery there. Some stones with one side polished. He has put the bronze in the middle of the other things—has hung some beads round it. I feel as if I were in a train. I am looking at the people, different kind from those in the shop. Such a lot of dirty ragged looking folk all gone down the street. The people in the shop won't allow the passengers to go past—not the ragged lot—they want them to come and buy. I don't think they have been there before, by the way they are looking about. I think they are English people. What is that? It seems to be something built of stone, it is like a stone pillar, it is small at the top, it is carved over with figures of something, birds and things—it has a point at the top. The English people are looking at it. There seems to be a lot of things like pillars broken off—it is too hot there—a lot of donkeys there. I am back to that shop. I can't understand what he says—they are there—the English people—there seem to be three or four. One with them not English going about showing places. Don't they put their hands about when talking. The shop man would like them to buy everything. I see one of them better than the



others. There is a lady there. He tries to sell them cloths, he scarcely gives them time to look—he shows the figure—they like it, it is a nice one—they are going to have it—they want fans. The natives seem lazy people. I am looking at the beads and the other things. I am looking for these people again. I see them in some house not where they live. I am looking to see if they have the figure. I think they are in an hotel. It is in a box in a bag—it is a traveller's trunk. It seems as if I know one of them—It isn't a house—it moves. It seems like water out there—it must be a ship—a lot of people on deck, they seem to be looking back at some black things in the water. The gentleman who bought the figure is looking through a glass out to sea. I am going to see him come home. It is colder—they are getting near land. It seems like a port—they have been a long way by sea and land. I have seen the gentleman here, he does not look quite so old as when I have seen him. It is Mr. M—. The statue did not come with him, it came after him. I see it now, it is on a table or sideboard. It is like a library—there are bookcases on one side—two windows on the other side. I think perhaps it is a drawing-room. I thought it was a library because it had such a lot of books—the room seems like two in one. The statue seems in a corner not out of sight—it is a nice room, there are a lot of ornaments. I would not like to dust them all. There is a large mirror over the mantelpiece—stone mantelpiece.

“I see the figure, it is in a room—I think I have been there before. I am looking at the mantleshef—has jars on it—is a dark colour. It seems to be one window, I can't say if it is green or brown—has venetians. There is a small table and a large one, two easy chairs—ten chairs—something standing across the corner—there are ornaments on it—a lot of curiosities—some kind of figures—I don't think they are china—look like terra-cotta work—the figure is on a stand like a table.”

D. M.



## STATE REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS.

BY ALEXANDER WINTER, F.S.S.



At a time, when the inadequacy of treating and punishing the criminal classes is perhaps more felt than ever, when efforts from all sides are being made to improve the efficiency of prisons in order, as much as possible, to reform the culprit and make him a law-abiding well-behaved man, I believe, and I sincerely hope, that a brief description of the New York Reformatory—an institution based entirely upon an original method—will help to throw some light on this great social problem, and in some measure influence, if not directly guide, in the early future, the management of places of confinement, and the science of law respecting criminals.

If we bear in mind that society is partly, if not alone responsible, for our social conditions being chiefly, if not exclusively, the cause of the perpetration of crime, if we make laws for our protection and punish their offenders, then we should also consider it our most bounden duty to study minutely the means for preventing such offences. Our present mode of punishment and imprisonment indiscriminately has by no means a fundamental reformatory effect on the convict, especially on the one who is susceptible for reformation. His mental and moral faculties are no more improved when discharged from prison, than when he first entered; generally much to the contrary.

The danger and evil to which society is exposed when an adult unreformed felon is discharged, is far beyond calculation. It is not merely the doings of the wretch himself which must be taken into consideration, but his surroundings—those who associate with him. He is a stumbling-block to his fellow-creatures, and his criminal disease spreads as an epidemic among them. Nor does it stop here. Far beyond every conception it

travels, cutting down originally innocent creatures as it moves irresistibly along, thereby increasing the number of victims, and the gravity of the offences. It is the spread of such ruin as this that we should endeavour to stop with every possible means; and how best to do it is a point for our serious consideration. We have to strain our efforts to the utmost in the search of a more effective method, a method based upon conciliatory and particularly scientific principles; and it may be hoped that the day is not far distant when the principle is embraced, that the end of punishment is to reclaim the offender, viz. to retain possession of him until such time as it is thought fit to restore him to society—when he shows he is able and willing to respect its laws, that is, in case of indeterminate sentences, as suggested by Frederick Hill.

If an individual violates the law it is generally on account of his being either ignorant of, or incapable by reason of some involuntary impulse of submitting to its injunctions. These are defects which should be remedied during the time of confinement by subjecting the prisoner to treatment which will effect the object in view and prepare him for safe citizenship—a treatment involving his physical renovation, his mental improvement, and his moral education. If punishment is meant for diminution of crime, it is not only legitimate, but necessary, to employ detention as a means until that effect is fairly accomplished. By the so-called indeterminate sentence the criminal has to work out entirely by himself his conditional as well as final liberty, the essential principles of the result of which should be the spontaneous development of his defective faculties, both physically and spiritually; and only until then, through the skilful application of these agencies can a radical and lasting reformation and extirpation of criminal tendency be satisfactorily attained.

The ignorance and incapacity of a proper reasonableness and consciousness of thinking and doing, although sometimes only momentarily, is the principal, if not the sole cause of all offences against the law and society. These offenders may be divided into two great classes; (1) occasional law-breakers, and (2) confirmed law-breakers. The occasional offenders are those whose wrong-doing is due to sudden temptation, to passion, intoxication, or cases which seldom or never happen again; while the confirmed law-breakers, who form the real criminal class, and who chiefly people our prisons, are those who were

either born amidst vice and misled in their early surroundings, or those who have fallen subsequently by repeated violations of the law. These confirmed criminals are all more or less of an abnormal condition; they are often physically degraded, either through original incapacity, or else through anomalous developments. Their criminal tendency is mostly stamped upon their very faces, upon their very movement, indeed, upon everything concerning their general appearance, for, their mental and moral faculties being absolutely coherent and co-operative with their body, are in an unsound and unfit condition.

Under these enslaved circumstances the most noble intentions, the most cheerful willingness to attempt to submit to reason, righteousness and honesty, often fail. The vile inclinations have overpowered the noble ones and extinguished every moral foundation. He has not only lost the impulse to choose between right and wrong, but also the power of discriminating between the two. Ultimately he becomes so degenerated, that it is quite impossible to reform him only by physical means—by labour, by order and discipline, by regular food and lodging; it may improve him in one way, but it has no effect whatever in improving his character, neither has it the means of procuring those lasting effects which are so necessary to his leading a different life on his release.

To such an individual a wholesome reformation can only be procured by simultaneously training the mind and body, by strengthening the intellectual, and first of all moral faculties, by a systematic and practical development; not by teaching of knowledge or book-lore, but by education in the proper sense of the word, that is, the education of the physical, mental and psychological faculties conjointly. Only such extreme remedies can satisfactorily solve such great difficulties.

The opinion that education makes the criminal more dangerous cannot be justly maintained if only the method for its application be rightly considered. No better example for refuting such unwarranted phrases can be presented to the reader than the educational method adopted in the New York State Reformatory of Elmira, which, during thirteen years' practical working, gives sufficient guarantee as to its undoubted results.

The Reformatory aims, in the widest sense of the word, to reform and improve the prisoner, both bodily and spiritually. The end and scope of this system is not punishment, but true

conversion, social improvement, and a radical extirpation of all criminal motives and inclinations, and only after this has been satisfactorily done, and not until then, is the possibility of the prisoner's release taken into consideration.

The originator of the Reformatory and its unique system is General Superintendent Z. R. Brockways. His elaborated plans were submitted to the legislative body in 1876; it became law, and a grant was at once made for the foundation of the Institute. The inmates at first numbered 184; now over 1000 are lodged within its walls, so that such an increase has necessitated for some time past the consideration of founding another establishment of this kind. This augmented number is said to be due exclusively to its universal merit in satisfactorily fulfilling the requirements. In recognition of its beneficial results, the Judges of the State prefer sentencing prisoners for probation at the Reformatory.

The Reformatory, a somewhat pretentious structure, is situated on an elevation two miles and a half from the City Hall in Elmira, on the west-side of the Chemung Valley, overlooking an expanse encircled by hills for more than twenty miles. The ground belonging to this institution embraces two hundred and eighty acres, of which about thirteen acres, constituting the premises proper of the institution, is enclosed partly by buildings and the rest by a strong brick wall twenty feet high. The architectural design of the buildings is somewhat attractive, and their arrangement is admirable. As to light, air, room, and ventilation, the most particular care is taken, and from a sanitary as well as educational and reformatory point of view, it enjoys the realization of modern notions, which have been developed in time by a philosophical culture owing to a psychological age.

Any male convict is admissible to the Reformatory between the ages of sixteen and thirty—the period of life in which violations and crimes are mostly committed, and when anomalous characters may still be reformed. It is also a rule that the individual must not have been in a State prison before, but, if it is advisable, in cases where an improvement seems not improbable, men convicted for the second or third time also are exceptionally sent to Elmira.

The convicts are transferred to the Reformatory subject to the rules of the institution, that is not for a definite period, with the clause: his detention shall not exceed the maximum term, provided by law for the crime for which the sentence is given

While thus freeing the prisoner from undue detention, he is to be released when it is reasonably safe to give him liberty, without regard to punishment whether little or much, and without regard to the particular crime for which he was imprisoned. For instance, if an individual is sentenced to ten years' imprisonment he may be detained in Elmira for the full time of his sentence, but he may at the discretion of the board of managers be discharged on parole at the end of one year, and be finally discharged in six months hence if he fulfils the requirements of the institution. The length of time for which the original judgment was given is practically of no consideration except in those comparatively few cases in which the individuals take little or no pains in working out their freedom, and are detained until the expiration of their sentence. In order to remove such a drawback, the obstacle in the reformatory tendency, a strong movement is alive to abandon the limitation of time altogether, so as to force every convict to submit to the Reformatory training; and not to allow any one to return into society until he is reformed and made worthy of it.

What a marvellously great problem would be solved, if only point for point of this single sentence were scrupulously carried out! The infallible efficiency of the universal moral improvement is clear, and if we should hit upon the point of not freeing criminals under any circumstances whatever, unless under the conditions just named, our whole human race would, without doubt, inestimably benefit thereby. If we cannot entirely abandon the tendency to revenge the evil-doings of our fellow-creatures, we ought not by any means to be satisfied with simply the infliction of punishment, but consider it necessary to remove the criminal motives and causes, the natural inclinations and external influences, and to prevent, as far as possible, any further relapse into this crime, not for the criminal's interest, but for the interest and welfare of our society. It seems quite inexcusable, entirely lacking in Christian charity and human feeling, to allow youthful adult offenders under the age of thirty, who are reclaimable and susceptible to reformation, to be left in their own deplorable tendency, thereby placing their future lives in jeopardy, so long as there are ways and means of saving them.

Elmira Reformatory is a compulsory training and educational institute, but compulsion is in reality only to awaken and compel the subject to recognize spontaneously the usefulness of



developing his defective faculties. The prisoners are classified in three grades. On admission, the convict is placed in the second or intermediate grade, and it depends entirely on his own industry and behaviour whether he advances to the first grade or is degraded by being placed in the third, and again on these proceedings of course depends his release. The aim of regaining liberty, therefore, is continually before the eyes of the individual and possesses a wonderfully efficacious motive, an incessantly pressing power, which arouses the most dormant and unsusceptible character. When the striving instinct of an individual towards a certain aim becomes relaxed or entirely lost, he falls into indolence, indifference, and regardlessness for his fellow-creatures, and loses all self-respect and moral discernment he may have possessed previous to his confinement.

On the average about 35 per cent. of the convicts, immediately after their admission, follow the straight way that leads to reformation, and work on steadily so as to be released on parole within fifteen months. Another 36 per cent. show less willingness and perseverance; they hesitate, fall back, and advance again, but work themselves out on parole within twenty-four months. Further, 19 per cent. are so much mastered by bad principles and irresolution, that they need on the average about three years, in order to satisfy the requirements of the reformatory system as to be conditionally released unless the maximum term of their sentence has expired already. The rest, about 10 per cent., are apparently incorrigible subjects, who are kept longer than three years, either in the Reformatory or by being transferred to another prison. Deducting this 10 per cent. and the 35 per cent. who seem to be incorrupt and immediately willing, there remains over 50 per cent. whose individual training and education require particular and personal care, the work of which, again through the powerful motive of the desire to regain liberty, is greatly facilitated.

The average detention before release on parole is twenty-one months.

The process for the convicts to work themselves out before the expiration of their maximum sentence is done by earning credit marks. The way is a short, but difficult one, and although apparently insignificant, it appears to be most efficient in every sense. The earning of nine marks in each month during six months gains the promotion from the second to the first grade. The marks earned are as follows: three for demeanour, three for

labour, and three for progress in school. Negligence, mis-demeanour, careless working, not sufficiently developing the mental and moral faculties, result in marks of discredit, and great severity is applied and proportionally a sharp judgment given in cases of crookedness and hypocrisy which, as in all other such places, is a most common habit of the criminals.

Six valid neglect or pink reports, or three valid derelict or yellow reports in one month cause the loss of one mark. A single valid offence or chocolate report causes the loss of one or more marks at the discretion of the General Superintendent.

This mark-system, as simple as it appears, gives the most accurate record of the disposition, ability and efforts of each inmate. It regulates rightly his conduct as workman and pupil ; it shows also, whether in industry he possesses sufficient power of application, enough of care and economy in the use of materials and tools, with sufficient taste and ability to give reasonable assurance that, if released, he can honestly earn an amount equal to the requirements of his needs ; and in his school progress and demeanour, whether he can reason rightly in common affairs, and, if right reasoning brings a conclusion in conflict with an unworthy or criminal impulse, whether the mind inclines, or can, by the prisoner's own will and power, be made to follow the path of rectitude. The mark-system is not used to punish, but in the true personal interest of each individual, and its application is not influenced either by favouritism or fear. Those who are actually worthy, advance, and the unworthy go backward, according to the natural order of things in life. However little this system may be understood, it is a most powerful moralising means, and it is indeed astonishing how men from the lowest grade have been restored to a good standard, and continue to make satisfactory progress.

The administration of the mark-system renders quite unnecessary any of the ordinary prison punishments in all but the third or proper convict grade, which never exceeded fifteen per cent. of the whole number of prisoners, and even there it is considered measurably efficient. The individual is obliged to work in reality ; there is no escape for him ; he is controlled step by step, and tested incessantly in his truly moral, mental, and physical efforts.

Each prisoner must merit in the first grade as in the second a "perfect" qualification for each of the three categories—

demeanour, labour, and schooling ; that is, he must obtain the full number of nine marks each month for six months, then he is recommended to the managers for release on parole.

The board of managers consists of five gentlemen elected for terms of five years by the State Governor and the Senate, from among the people. These members receive no remuneration whatever. They meet quarterly for the so-called tribunal meetings, to examine the cases of discharge by considering all points which concern the future welfare of the individuals. The eligibility for release requires, besides an absolutely "perfect" fulfilment of the rules of the institution, a certain guarantee that the convict has indeed become reformed and improved, and that he is capable of good behaviour—especially that he now possesses the capacity to earn his own support by honest work. The conditional release also necessitates that a constant situation according to the man's qualification be found. Uninterrupted activity is an indispensable desideratum to save the reformed individual from relapsing into his former wrongdoing. Idleness is the way to crime again. Much, very much evil could be prevented by recognizing absolutely the importance of this question. As to the employment of men on parole, there is generally no difficulty in obtaining it. A long time before the individual is conditionally freed, his friends or relatives, with whom he is allowed to correspond, or else the reformatory authorities themselves, provide a place for him. Employers, as a rule, do not entertain any aversion to engage such released men ; on the contrary, oftener than not they give them preference.

The managers also hold monthly meetings for checking accounts, &c., and also on particular occasions when it is considered desirable ; and whenever the managers are present, either as a board, or singly, inmates are allowed freely to approach them for the purpose of consultation, &c. Of the quarterly meetings public announcement is always made to the inmates, accompanied with the intimation that they may speak openly whatever weighs upon their minds and feelings. Between the prisoners and the managers and the General Superintendent there is a close relationship without being in the least injurious to the ordinary discipline.

In the hands of Mr. Brockway is invested practically the entire management of the Reformatory. He is authorized to employ and discharge officers, and to make what arrangements

he finds necessary in the interests of the institution. Like all officers, he lives in the Reformatory and devotes himself, wholly, to its welfare. There is an enormous difference between an officer who merely fulfils the unavoidable duties of his office, and one whose personal interests are absolutely embodied in the efficiency and the results of his labour; and there is scarcely any other instance where this distinctiveness is of more importance than in a reformatory method of treating convicts. No past, no yesterday, but the future is taken into consideration. There is, generally speaking, no punishment for wrong-doing, for discredit marks or degradation, through being expelled from a higher grade and placed into a lower one, is not considered a punishment but an unavoidable necessity for progressive interests; indeed, Mr. Brockway's theory is based wholly on "Reward for Self-improvement." This seems a very easy life for a man to go through, and yet the experience in Elmira proves that there is in reality no harder punishment for the confirmed culprit than the compulsory schooling and moralising system. The criminal's inclination, as a rule, is low and mean, he hates any modes of higher thinking and noble mental occupation. The treatment of the inmates is applied individually in accordance with his diagnosis which has been made before. The education begins with the primary rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and extends through English language, grammar, higher mathematics, geography, American, English, and general history, politics, literature, law, political economy, and such acquirements demanded by society. Twelve different classes or more are formed, as it is found necessary to obtain as much as possible uniformity with the pupils. The higher classes sometimes attain such standard, that in the literary course Shakespeare and the old Classics are studied and discussed with fair understanding. The most difficult and important point is the proper classification of the prisoners in the school, and can only be understood and aptly applied by one who possesses profound knowledge and experience of the world and mankind. In Elmira they not only search for the previous and existing educational standard, but particularly for the mental abilities and natural instincts.

By means of the miraculous motive of regaining liberty the original aversion of the prisoner against schooling and spiritual elevation which existed at first, disappears, and he grows gradually and almost unconsciously to desire a gain of

knowledge. The fact of this conversion is clearly shown through the change in the selection of literature in the Reformatory-library. After entering, the prisoners ask almost exclusively for books of fiction, merely for killing the time, but through the infallible influence of the excellent mode of individual training they soon give preference to ethical, political, economical, historical, classical, and other works for serious study.

The teaching, chiefly verbal, is conducted by eminent authorities on pedagogy, philosophy, &c., who are engaged in public life, and who for their services receive small remunerations from the institution funds. Many of the teachers and lecturers, however, devote their time gratis, and, where admissible, qualified prisoners are placed upon the teaching staff. The instructions take place in the evening, and therefore do not interfere with the normal labour hours. It gives a singular impression to be present and watch the pupils during their instructions; the apparent self-interest, the desire of learning possessed by these male adults is astonishing, and nowhere else, not even in the most disciplined and best organized schools in ordinary life, can such qualities possessed by pupils be found to be better. The newly aroused zeal for learning seems to have opened to them a new world, entirely another sphere of life.

One particular feature of this schooling is the development of the psychological, simultaneously with the mental faculties of the individual. The moral feeling is not only inspired through the influence of the ecclesiastics of the respective creeds, but also materially aided by the teachers and instructors. Their aim is not so much to impart a knowledge of stereotyped facts and ideas, as to stimulate the minds of the men to obtain for themselves a true conception of the moral order of the world of which they are members, and to form true convictions with respect to their relation to it. In order to keep up the interest of the pupils, there is in the classes always free discussion allowed, which is said to be most essential and beneficial for the acquisition of practical ethics. The topics are discussed freely, and the answers, given by the individuals on examination, for which, it must be stated, there is abundant evidence that hypocrisy has less to do than might be supposed. The answers are expressed with almost unbounded confidence in truth, which show the result of the method.

The most characteristic and unique feature, however, of the



Reformatory is the cultivation of self-reliance and responsibility. It is forced upon the prisoner from the first moment, that, by every step and every thought, by all his thinking and doing he is made to reflect. He is his own master, of course to a certain extent; the whole welfare rests exclusively upon his own person, and he has really and seriously to apply his bodily and spiritual powers, not in blind obedience and fulfilment of the rules of the institution, but by arriving at the conviction, and by forming for himself the discernment which is absolutely necessary to possess before deciding between right and wrong, and carrying out any thought. The convict is left to himself to arrive at the conclusion what immorality there lies in doing evil, and what good rests on decent behaviour. The system of our ordinary prison life can fairly be said to be the destruction of self-help and self-care.

Following the treatment of a prisoner in Elmira, he is upon his admission, cleansed, clothed in the second-grade suit, photographed, medically examined, described in the general register, and afterwards locked up in a cell for a day or two, to give him time for reflection. He is then taken before the General Superintendent, who makes in person a complete diagnosis of the physical, mental, and moral condition; questions thoroughly on his biographical record for the ancestral history and hereditary causes, in order to ascertain the motives of the crime, until the subjective defect is apparently discovered in each case, and an impression is formed for the particular treatment needed by the individual to bring about his reformation. The man's home life, early surroundings and influences, habits, associations and occupations; also the habits, occupation, and moral standard of his parents, and, if possible, that of his grandparents—that is, whether they were temperate, clean, honest, or otherwise. The result of this detailed investigation, which generally takes an hour or so, is subsequently recorded in a big ledger, as well as the proposed treatment to be applied. Mr. Brockway's long practice and deep knowledge of human nature enable him to analyze the case pretty accurately; he therefore knows the man thoroughly, while the subject no less recognizes that he is in the presence of a man whom it is of no use to try to deceive.

After this somewhat close scrutiny the newly-admitted inmate is carefully instructed in his liabilities, rights, and privileges whilst in the institution; the mark-system and conditions of promotion and release are fully explained, and then he is assigned to an appropriate class in school and to a suitable industry.



The daily routine is as follows :

At 5.30 A.M. the inmates are summoned from sleep on working-days by three loud strokes from the gong in the guard-room, and in fifteen minutes hence are required to be dressed and ready for breakfast. Then, on further gong signals being given, the first-grade men are unlocked and proceed to their places in the dining-room, where silence is maintained until the word "Ready" is given by the officer on duty, after which free conversation with one another is allowed. The second and third-grade men are supplied with food in their cells. On another signal being given the first-grade men return to their rooms. At 7 o'clock all inmates repair to the workshops. Before going out to work, their cells and cupboards must be made scrupulously clean and put in order.

The working hours extend from 7.30 to 12 A.M. and from 1 to 4.30 P.M. Dinner is given between 12 and 1 o'clock, and supper soon after the day's work is finished. The regular duties, in spite of the evening instructions, leave the inmates much time at their disposal, which almost exclusively is employed in reading and study. In the morning and evening till 9.30 the cells are lighted by gas, and well-heated in the winter, so as to give every opportunity of mental occupation.

With regard to the sanitary condition of the institution, and the health of the inmates, the greatest possible care is taken, and provision is made for every inmate taking a bath, warm or cold, weekly. Mr. Brockway, according to his theory, holds strictly to the fact, that bodily health is absolutely the fundamental principle of practical morality, that is, when the better principles of the human soul master and control the worse principles, and that on sound physiology alone is it possible to build morality, true religion, and reason. The men, therefore, are accustomed to bodily cleanliness, and are also taught the benefit of a healthy constitution and how to attain it.

It is true, some people starve directly to death, but how many more, how many hundred times more, owe their degenerated state, their physical, mental, and moral disease, their detrimental disqualification as members of society, and ultimately, their premature death, to conditions which originate in the want of bodily cleanliness? Intemperance, ill-applied or excessive nourishment, irregular mode of living, and their too well-known consequences, can all, to a great extent, be traced to an unsound and not sufficiently active constitution.

On Sundays and the principal holidays the inmates attend general and regular religious service conducted by a clergyman from Elmira, which lasts about three-quarters of an hour, and consisting of hymns, Scripture reading, prayer, and sermon. Smaller religious meetings, exclusively for members of the Protestant faith, are also held, while pastoral instruction is given at every serious call of any inmate.

The Catholic inmates receive catechetical instruction twice in the month from a priest, while confessions are heard and mass is said the following Sunday once a month.

The Jewish inmates, who number on the average about five per cent. also have a special religious service one Saturday in each month, conducted by a Rabbi.

On Sunday morning, but to the privileged inmates only, writing-material and postage-stamps are furnished gratis by the institution, so are the *Weekly Mail* and the Reformatory weekly newspaper *The Summary*.

Rather extravagant is the diet of the prisoners. The bill of fare for one week is as follows :

*Breakfast*, in the first and second grade : Beef-hash, potatoes, bread, coffee, sugar.

*Supper*, in the first grade : sauce, bread, butter, tea, syrup and sugar ; in the second grade, the same, except sauce and butter.

*Dinner* of the first and second grade consists of : three times in the week soup and meat, twice mutton stew, once beef and turnips, and once roast beef and gravy, always with bread ; in addition to that, the second grade receive four times a week coffee and sugar, while the first grade receive it daily, and sometimes fruit or preserves in addition.

The diet of the third grade is like that of the second, with the exception of tea and coffee.

Besides his ration, each inmate may ask for more, but in the third grade the supplement only consists of bread. Meat and all provisions are of the best quality.

On being questioned particularly about the extravagant fare, the General Superintendent remarked that : "The only aim, the very end of the Reformatory, is reformation. Good nourishment is necessary for an orderly life, and from experience I obtain far better results from the inmates by supplying good food."

The difference between the three grades as to the dietary is in

its constituents, as well as the manner of serving it. The first grade take their meals in a large dining-room ; sit at tables eight or twelve together ; have tablecloths, crockery ; can satisfy their appetites in one way or the other, and are allowed to converse during meal time. As to the dress, the second or intermediate grade wear civilian dress with Scotch caps ; the third, or proper convict grade, wear suits of red clothes without caps ; and the first grade, a light-blue uniform with a military cap. The first grade also occupy better rooms than the others. Previous to the publication of the Reformatory paper, the news of the day culled from the newspapers was read to the first grade once a week at table. The first grade are allowed on Sundays to write and receive letters ; the second grade are allowed to receive letters on Sundays, but to write letters once a month only. The first and second grades are allowed to receive visitors once in three months, though only for very short interviews, and then in the presence of an officer. The first and second grade can also receive and change books in the library every week.

From all these privileges the third grade is excluded.

From and to the workshops, schoolrooms, &c., the first grade march four abreast, and they are officered by captains and sergeants, chosen by the General Superintendent from their own grade ; the second grade march two abreast, and are officered by members of the first grade ; while the third grade, in degraded prison attire, march one after the other, and are officered by the institution officials.

In the workshops and school, however, the three grades mingle together, as there they range according to their bodily and mental standard and not that of conduct.

If the existing reforming means appear with an individual absolutely without result, then the board of managers are at liberty to assign him to another State prison or penitentiary. The number though sent away is but small, and varies between one and two per cent.

For utilizing materially the physical working power, the prisoners have been occupied during their eight hours of labour in productive industries, such as manufacturing hardware, brushes, brooms, tin-ware, chairs, pipes and wood novelties, packing and paper boxes. The manufacture of these articles is conducted now by the Public Account System, that is the State is the manufacturer, takes the business-management, buys all material and disposes of the manufactured goods, and bears all risk.

At the opening of the Reformatory the prisoners were em-

ployed for several years on the Public Account System in two industries. Owing to the agitation of the labour party, the old contract-system became forcibly introduced again in 1880, and was in use for five years until, by realizing absolutely the ideal of perfect reformation the legislative body agreed to prohibit the further employment of prisoners upon the contract system, and, the contracts having expired in the beginning of 1887, the original plan of a self-producing organization was resumed. But in 1888, when the so-called Yates Bill became law, the whole number of 854 prisoners was actually placed out of employment, and the Fasset Amendment Bill, 1889, with its five per cent. limitation clause, though on a very limited scale, once more set the utilization of the individual working power of the inmates into operation again. Out of more than 1000 inmates at the end of 1889, there were employed, for manufacturing purposes, as follows: Hardware, 121; Swedish Novelty works, 54; Cabinet, 36; Packing-cases, 5; Tin shop, 26; Paper-boxes, 11.

As a new and ideal feature of the industrial system in Elmira, the managers, after due deliberation, resolved at a recent meeting to introduce henceforth no industries which did not advantageously combine the elements of instruction and production; whilst strong efforts are being made by General Superintendent Brockway to increase the number of industries—on instructive as well as productive basis—so as to embrace all kinds of trades, which are chiefly carried on in ordinary life, until the point is reached, when each inmate is employed, not necessarily at the trade or occupation (if he had any), at which he was engaged previous to his imprisonment, but at that trade and occupation at which he most likely will be able to find his living after his release.

The care of the future of the convict, after having worked out his liberty, is the most characteristic feature of the Elmira system, and, apart from these productive industries, there has been in operation for several years a well-organized trade school, which is meant to teach, practically and theoretically, a number of professions. These polytechnic instructions have been carried on in the evenings, so as not to interfere with the regular working hours, and at present are only instructive; but the diversification of such useful industries, and the use of them also for production is Brockway's ideal, which now, owing to the want of suitable employment of the inmates, has every chance of becoming generally recognized and introduced. Twenty-five classes are in operation, and almost all inmates have in 1889 received technical

instructions in one of the following branches : Machinists, black-smithing, stone-cutting, carpentry, pattern-making, wood-turning, wood-carving, wood-finishing, frescoing, bricklaying, plastering, plumbing, brass-finishing, book-binding, printing, stenography, tailoring, shoe-making, baking, and shaving and hair-dressing.

If the fact is fully understood that the most criminal acts committed originate, directly or indirectly, through material causes, which are due chiefly to incapacity in supporting honestly their proper wants, then it is quite clear how beneficial the institution of such a particular feature as a means of reforming culprits is.

In order to bring the system in Elmira, as a reformative means, to the highest perfection, a self-supporting plan amongst the prisoners is in contemplation, viz. that, according to an elaborated scale of wages, each inmate receives what he actually earns by his labour and pays for all the items of his maintenance, as : diet, clothes, room, light, fuel, Doctor's fees in case of illness, &c. The end of such a wide institution is, that the prisoner, while imprisoned, shall fully show his disposition and ability to subsist by his own voluntary personal exertions, the recognition of which increases the guarantee that he is fit to become a member of society, when it is deemed safe to place him in liberty.

The frequent changes of the industrial policy of the Reformatory, as required by Legislature, have for the last years greatly reduced the earnings of the inmates. The Public Account System, considered to be the best way in productive labour to complete a reformatory theory, was supposed to return at least the same, if not better financial results, than the Contract System, where the individual working power is sold by the time to contractors. However, the Contract System shows in some years a return of nearly 70 per cent. towards the gross expenditures of the institution, while the Public Account System never brought in more than 60 per cent., the reason of which is stated to be due exclusively to the circumstance that there was deficiency in the means of utilizing, fully and without interruption, the individual working power of the prisoners. Through the effects of the Yates Bill, the earnings of the inmates for 1888 was only 30 per cent., while the year 1889 actually shows a loss of \$21,048,52 attributable to necessary deductions in the value of machines, tools, materials, and general depreciation in market value. It is peculiar to the tendency of the Reformatory movement to treat the financial results as only a secondary question : not the material but the personal profit is sought for.

Some excessively philanthropic features in Elmira, in this point as well as in others, cannot be denied, but it is easy to understand, and it is my particular desire to point out, that the reforming system in its fundamental theory can be introduced without scarcely any extra burden to the State; a more economical and rational management would result in quite the same progress in the training and reforming of criminals.

The cost for maintaining the Reformatory will best be seen in the following financial statements.

## COST OF MAINTENANCE FOR 1889.

|                                                          | Dollars.            |
|----------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Steam, Gas, and Water Apparatus . . . . .                | 921,87              |
| Clothing and Bedding . . . . .                           | 17'032,23           |
| Fuel and Light . . . . .                                 | 13'028,96           |
| Room Furnishings . . . . .                               | 162,57              |
| Prisoners' Transportation . . . . .                      | 6'063,07            |
| Kitchen . . . . .                                        | 3'174,12            |
| General Expense . . . . .                                | 9'447,24            |
| Discharged Prisoners . . . . .                           | 3'347,45            |
| Salaries . . . . .                                       | 30'190,41           |
| Repairs and Alterations . . . . .                        | 6'468,56            |
| Provisions . . . . .                                     | 35'048,86           |
| School-books and Teaching . . . . .                      | 2'825,25            |
| Physical, Military, and Technological Training . . . . . | 9'398,42            |
|                                                          | <u>\$137'109,01</u> |

## ANALYSED MAINTENANCE COST PER DAY AND INMATE.

|                                                         | 1883.  | 1884.  | 1885.  | 1886.  | 1887.  | 1888.  | 1889.  |
|---------------------------------------------------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
|                                                         | Cents. | Cents. | Cents. | Cents. | Cents. | Cents. | Cents. |
| Steam, Gas, and Water Apparatus . . . . .               | 2'5    | 2'0    | 0'7    | 0'5    | 0'3    | 0'2    | 0'3    |
| Clothing and Bedding . . . . .                          | 5'6    | 6'5    | 6'0    | 6'0    | 5'5    | 4'8    | 5'1    |
| Fuel and Light . . . . .                                | 4'9    | 5'1    | 3'2    | 2'9    | 4'0    | 5'4    | 3'9    |
| Room Furnishings . . . . .                              | 0'3    | 0'4    | 0'6    | 0'2    | 0'6    | 0'2    | 0'1    |
| Prisoners' Transportation . . . . .                     | 1'3    | 1'6    | 1'5    | 1'4    | 1'4    | 1'6    | 1'8    |
| Kitchen . . . . .                                       | 0'9    | 2'0    | 1'2    | 0'7    | 0'9    | 0'8    | 0'9    |
| General Expense . . . . .                               | 2'8    | 3'6    | 3'5    | 2'6    | 3'3    | 4'1    | 2'8    |
| Discharged Prisoners . . . . .                          | 1'3    | 1'1    | 1'0    | 1'0    | 1'1    | 1'1    | 1'0    |
| Salaries . . . . .                                      | 10'1   | 9'5    | 9'1    | 9'0    | 9'1    | 10'6   | 9'0    |
| Repairs and Alterations . . . . .                       | 2'2    | 1'3    | 2'6    | 2'1    | 3'1    | 2'3    | 1'9    |
| Provisions . . . . .                                    | 18'2   | 15'3   | 12'5   | 12'6   | 10'2   | 13'4   | 10'4   |
| School-books and Teaching . . . . .                     | 1'4    | 0'9    | 1'4    | 1'4    | 1'1    | 1'2    | 0'8    |
| Fire Repairs . . . . .                                  | ..     | ..     | 0'9    | ..     | ..     | ..     | ..     |
| Physical, Military, and Technological Training. . . . . | ..     | ..     | ..     | ..     | ..     | ..     | 2'8    |
| Total . . . . .                                         | 51'5   | 49'3   | 44'2   | 40'4   | 40'6   | 45'7   | 40'8   |



ANALYSED MAINTENANCE STATEMENT FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS.

|                                                 | 1883.           | 1884.           | 1885.           | 1886.           | 1887.           | 1888.           | 1889.           |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| Average number of inmates . . . . .             | 520<br>Dollars. | 558<br>Dollars. | 647<br>Dollars. | 711<br>Dollars. | 785<br>Dollars. | 809<br>Dollars. | 922<br>Dollars. |
| Steam, Gas, and Water Apparatus . . . . .       | 4'761,76        | 4'109,15        | 1'627,21        | 1'383,68        | 1'051,32        | 622,04          | '921,87         |
| Clothing and Bedding . . . . .                  | 10'713,73       | 13'239,24       | 14'132,95       | 15'487,13       | 15'745,41       | 14'285'64       | 17'032,23       |
| Fuel and Light . . . . .                        | 9'237,54        | 10'379,33       | 7'626,89        | 7'613,64        | 11'322,84       | 10'136,32       | 13'028,96       |
| Room Furnishings . . . . .                      | '511,39         | '811,99         | 1'570,50        | '346,37         | 1'715,46        | '530,77         | '162,57         |
| Prisoners' Transportation . . . . .             | 2'535,16        | 3'324,80        | 3'437,27        | 3'591,09        | 3'940,45        | 4'079,83        | 6'063,07        |
| Kitchen . . . . .                               | 1'801,47        | 4'032,64        | 2'793,65        | 1'909,63        | 2'203,59        | 2'381,13        | 3'174,12        |
| General Expense . . . . .                       | 5'346,03        | 5'337,72        | 8'396,18        | 6'787,70        | 9'671,80        | 12'093,04       | 9'447,24        |
| Discharged Prisoners . . . . .                  | 2'526,80        | 2'219,88        | 2'337,33        | 2'455,60        | 3'069,40        | 3'358,50        | 3'347,45        |
| Salaries . . . . .                              | 19'279,82       | 19'375,13       | 21'482,35       | 23'469,13       | 26'191,76       | 31'496,58       | 30'190,41       |
| Repairs and Alterations . . . . .               | 4'098,80        | 2'615,23        | 6'196,45        | 5'498,37        | 8'974,45        | 6'541,09        | 6'468,56        |
| Provisions . . . . .                            | 34'473,62       | 31'277,79       | 29'525,11       | 32'580,08       | 29'325,51       | 39'566,34       | 35'048,86       |
| School-books and Teaching . . . . .             | 2'606,91        | 1'996,51        | 3'218,32        | 3'758,45        | 3'063,94        | 3'528,30        | 2'825,25        |
| Fire Repairs . . . . .                          | ..              | ..              | 2'066,95        | ..              | ..              | ..              | ..              |
| Physical, Military, and Technological Training. | ..              | ..              | ..              | ..              | ..              | ..              | 9'398,42        |
| Total . . . . .                                 | 97'893,03       | 98'719,41       | 104'411,16      | 104'880,87      | 116'275,93      | 135'219,58      | 137'109,01      |

The sudden stoppage of the labour system in 1888 necessitated the invention and adoption of some suitable scheme to occupy the men for at least part of each secular day. At last the plan of military drilling was hit upon as offering the most available and best substitute for regular objective and subjective labour. A regiment, starting with eight now having ten companies, was formed; Colonel being a professional drill-master; thirty-five men as officers and the same number as non-commissioned officers were selected from among the inmates and received special instructions. The drill-course followed has been, as nearly as practicable, that prescribed in Upton's Standard System, the same that has been in use for nearly two decades in the United States Army. During the last year each man received from five to eight hours' active exercise a day. In lieu of rifles, imitated wooden guns, made on the Springfield model, trimmed with iron and painted and stained to counterfeit as nearly as possible service muskets, have especially been manufactured in the Trades School. They weigh from six to eight pounds each, are evenly balanced, and, altogether, answer their purpose excellently. The ranks of the various commissioned officers are indicated by specially designed devices in gold and silver, worn in the shape of straps on the shoulders of the uniform coats, and by highly-polished brass-hilted steel swords, while the non-commissioned officers are distinguished by *chevrons* of dark-blue cloth attached to the coat-sleeves. The regimental colour consists of a flag of bunting in strips of blue, black, and red, representing the colours of the uniforms of the three Reformatory grades. There are, besides, six *guidons*, in which the same colours are used.

An important feature of the regiment is also a band of some forty men, which began as a drum corps with a dozen snare drums, to which have been added from time to time fifes, a bass drum, a bugle, and finally a full set of brass instruments.

Likewise as in labour and school, the records of military performance are marked by credits and demerits; the maximum marking attainable every month by each inmate assigned to the Regiment for faithful performance in that connection is three. For breaches of discipline marks are deducted in accordance with an established schedule.

One of the most characteristic features of the Elmira system is the training given those inmates who are physically deteriorated, and of undeveloped, abnormal mental constitution. In June 1886,

an experimental class was formed, to ascertain, if possible, whether physical culture, as comprised in frequent baths, Turkish and tub baths, massage and daily calisthenics under the care of a competent instructor, would not result in at least a partial awakening and stimulation of dormant mental power. The results after five months' experiments were surprising, and since that time the process has been kept up on constantly widening lines with always highly satisfactory results.

An institution of great importance in the Reformatory is also the library, consisting of 3970 volumes, of which 1250 are educational, 1100 theological and religious, 292 historical, 227 biographical, 208 scientific, and 893 light literature. There are also some 650 magazines, including the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *The Forum*, *North American Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, and 240 weekly illustrated papers. From the statistics for one month, that of September ult., may be gained an idea of its circulation among the inmates. During that month the total number of books read amounted to 2184, which, if taken as the monthly average, brings a total of 26,203 books for the year, or one book in thirteen days for each inmate. The yearly circulation of magazines is 20,256 copies, and of weekly papers, 9964 copies. The library, however, is far from being considered complete. "Know a man, his habits, his thoughts, his condition of mind, and then give him a suitable book to read, as you will give a patient the proper medicine for his recovery, and you have reached what must be attained before the Reformatory library is in the place that, in view of its responsibility, it should occupy," says Brockways, and hopes that in the current year he will be able to purchase a great number of additional books of a character suitable for that object.

A wise arrangement coherent with a true reforming system is a time between imprisonment and actual liberty, during which the prisoner still remains under the control of the authorities, the conditional release on parole. Our daily life gives us innumerable proofs of the evil that results in a sudden change from one sphere into another, for instance from poverty to wealth and the reverse, and likewise from a long imprisonment to full liberty. A transition period is indispensable to give the individual time to prepare himself gradually for practical life. In Elmira the convict is let out on parole for six months, during which time he has to send monthly reports, certified by a person of known character, a clergyman and others, to the Reformatory,

where a special officer is appointed to watch and exercise proper control. Good conduct on parole results in final discharge after six months, but if the man falls off from the right way, he is immediately re-arrested and brought back to the Reformatory, where his schooling begins again.

Coming to the specific results of the Reformatory, it must be shown that, from the whole number of prisoners discharged until the end of September 1887, after complete inquiries made by relations, employers, friends, acquaintances, and public authorities about each man, it has been ascertained that 78·5 per cent. are actually doing well; they have not re-fallen into the criminal elements, but are self-sustaining and law-abiding citizens. This is a definite statement about those men, from whom reliable information could be obtained. But there were a great number of discharged men who had left their previous home and, after the lapse of many years, could not be traced again, which disappearance by no means speaks for their having left the path of rectitude.

The official statistics of the Reformatory, however, which last year shows a probable reformation of 83·1 per cent., viz. that 1907 men out of 2295 released up to the end of September 1889 have, through their own efforts and perseverance, worked out their freedom, therefore seems to have more claim of being correct.

Besides this illustration of the quantity, there is also abundant proof as to the quality of success attained in the contents and number of letters arriving at the Reformatory from discharged prisoners or their parents or employers. The Reformatory weekly paper, *The Summary*, brings sometimes fifteen or twenty copies of letters in one edition, a few of which are as follows:—

No. 2296 writes: "I find that my lessons in bricklaying at the Reformatory will be the means of making me a thorough mason, and a man in the proper sense of the word."

No. 2419 says that he earned only \$20 in March, but adds: "It was honestly earned, and therefore gave me more pleasure than any amount dishonestly obtained."

No. 2424, late printer's apprentice, says: "I am getting along very nicely in my new position as distributor, and have a good prospect in the near future of being a job compositor at \$24 per week."

No. 2458 writes: "This being the holy season of Lent, I

attended more to my church than to study, but I hope to make amends for it next month."

No. 2312 writes: "I make \$27 a month—not bad for a fellow eighteen years of age! Did I not only earn \$9 for February, the month I left? I go to St. Paul's Church once a week, and I think that will do me good."

No. 2301 writes: "I meet many graduates down here (New York City). One of them, L. R. No. 922, you will certainly be glad to hear from. He stayed his full five years, but is doing well, having learned from you good practical lessons."

No. 2021 says: "I am trying to show the Chief of Police, who prophesied that I should commit further crime, that he is mistaken. I will show him instead that I can make a man of myself. I get *The Summary* every Monday, and can scarcely wait until it arrives to learn how the men are getting on."

No. 2568 says: "They did not know me when I reached home. I have been greatly benefited by my stay under your care, and am very thankful for your kindness."

No. 2029 says: "I am saving all I can to get a business for myself. There are many of my old friends watching for my future good. While I work for my employer, I work at the same time for myself. These friends shall see what I can do."

No. 1641 says: "I have at last received a letter from my parents in Germany. You can scarcely imagine the good it does me to receive a loving letter from my dear mother. I shall make a good fight for her sake, and I am certain to be successful."

No. 2527 says: "I earned \$60 during March, and spent for clothing, &c., \$30, leaving \$30 for saving. Your confidence in me has not been misplaced; I am living honourably. I wish others with you could enjoy as I do the fruits of a successful struggle. I cannot thank you enough for past kindnesses. May you succeed in making others as happy and light of heart as you have made your friend S—— S——!"

No. 2444 says: "Business is picking up. They keep me on the trot all the time. I am working too hard, but it is the only way for me to regain my lost reputation. I am glad to get home at night, and can now appreciate the comforts of a home. You can rest assured I shall keep out of bad company and all trouble, and try to make for myself an honest living. I have saved \$40, and will save something every week, if it be but little. Knowing you will be interested in my welfare,

and thanking you for your kindnesses, I remain, respectfully yours, I. M."

No. 2220 says: "I am happy and contented, having no more worry about steady work. I am at work promptly every Monday morning, which the boss appreciates. I have money enough saved to live three months without earning any more in that time, if by any means I should be so situated. I earned in March \$56, and saved \$32 out of that amount."

No. 2435. His employer writes: "I am sincerely glad to say that as the result of good care and management C. S. is very much improved. He has been really a model for young men since his return home. I am very much interested in him, and will do all in my power to aid him. O. H. H."

F. E. B. writes from his home in Macon, Georgia, after having been released two and a half years: "I put aside to-day—this beautiful Easter Sabbath—to write a few lines to you, informing you of my prosperity. I am happy to say that I have entirely recovered from my ill-health and am enjoying the gifts of God and man. I am still in my old business, and have now made up my mind to make the South my future home, and hope that prosperity will attend me in my earnest endeavour to win a name for the future for the benefit of my mother, sister, and myself. I have found, only by patience and stern determination to face the obstacles and difficulties with which we are surrounded, and with a cheerful and hopeful feeling, can ever we hope to rise. To-day is a genuine summer day; all Nature looks beautiful—the trees putting forth their fresh green leaves, flowers of all descriptions blooming, and the air loaded with fragrance. In the month of September I will come to New York and call on you, for it will be the greatest pleasure to me to clasp your hands once more and to look you fearlessly in the eyes as an honest man."

E. M. 1986, writes from Wilmington: "Just one year has elapsed since I left the Reformatory. I am very glad to have had an opportunity of passing through the different stages of your school. The education alone which I obtained enabled me to get the situation I now occupy, and it gives me great pleasure to report to you my favourable progress. At first I worked for three months as a painter, then I obtained a place in a railway-office at \$20 a month. Meanwhile I learned telegraphy, and from one situation to the other I am now second telegraphist of the station, with \$60 a month, with the view of further advance-



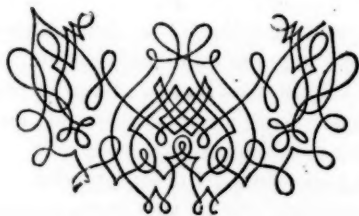
ment. That is not bad, is it? I should be very pleased to hear what my former friends, I. C. S. and F. H. are doing; I hope they have worked themselves out long ago. Please inform them of my position."

C. S. writes: "I have now a hard fight if I am to prosper and maintain my family. On account of my bad eyes I have to give up my business, but I will remain an honest man as I promised you, whatever befalls me."

"J. D., my son, works the whole day and behaves well. For the kindness and care you have shown him, I am indeed ever grateful to you; through your kind treatment he has become a good and reasonable man."

There is also a striking incident of a young German, who, on landing at New York from Germany, helpless and unable to earn an honest living, became guilty of theft and was sent to the Reformatory. After thirty-five months he was paroled to the care of his cousin in New York, who promised to aid him; but, still unqualified for useful work as he was, he soon got adrift again, and, without work, he preferred voluntarily to come back to the Reformatory rather than steal again. He was now put to a trade, held firmly to it, oftentimes against his will, until after twelve months he was again paroled, this time not to return to his cousin's care, but to find for himself an opening into his newly-acquired trade. He writes a fortnight after his discharge:

"I am getting along very well indeed, and no longer regret that I went back to the Reformatory, for the trade you taught me makes me happy and will not let me want."



## SOCIAL BATH IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BY MRS. A. PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF "BENEDICTA," "MAN PROPOSES," &c.



### CHAPTER II.

EVERY age has its characteristic. In the last century sensibility was almost as marked a feature among men of fashion as swearing itself. They were much given to tears on every occasion ; they vowed, and protested, and wept ; and if this century is to take them at their own valuation, their courage and their sensibility presented a strange contradiction, as at one moment they were shedding tears over a trifle, while at another they were ready to run a man through for some slight to their dignity, real or imaginary.

Nash had his sensibilities. He enjoyed ease and plenty. The sight of suffering distressed him. He might owe his long-suffering tailor year after year and never feel the least compunction about his debt, but the distress of a friend whose tailor had arrested him was irresistible ! He loved to pose as a benefactor, at his own expense when the money was at hand, at the expense of others when it was not. At the time of the revels, when Nash tendered his account, the Master of the Temple noticed among the items, "To making one man happy, £10." Asking to what it referred, Nash told him he had overheard a poor man exclaiming, upon seeing the lavish expenditure of the entertainment, "How happy £10 would make my poor wife and family !" and that he could not resist trying the experiment. He had charged the amount to the revels, but he was quite willing to pay the sum out of his own pocket, if the Master objected. So far from objecting, the Master praised Nash for his benevolence. The

story got abroad, and went far to establish his reputation as being one of the best-hearted of men.

But his friends, into whose pockets he frequently dipped for a loan, often wished his "sensibility" would take the form of justice, as he had a strong objection to paying his debts, unless by so doing he could purchase himself some additional benefit. On one occasion one of these friends was so wearied by the fruitlessness of his entreaties that Nash would pay him what he owed, that he determined to gain by stratagem what he could not extract from honour. Accordingly, one day he sent a friend to the impecunious Nash, instructing him to simulate the utmost distress for want of ready cash to the amount of £20, without which he would be arrested. Nash received the stranger with the utmost courtesy, noted his dejection, and asked how he could serve him. The gentleman acted his part to perfection. Nothing could exceed his chagrin as he told Nash how he was in danger of being arrested for want of £20.

"Arrested, impossible!" cried Nash with the utmost sympathy, producing at once the required sum, which he thrust into the applicant's hands.

Delighted at the success of his stratagem, the stranger carried the money to Nash's creditor. The next day Nash, meeting his friend, was profuse in his excuses and apologies at being unable to discharge his debt, declaring that luck was so much against him he had never been so terribly hard up, or, to use his own words, "never so damnably out of cash."

"My dear sir," replied the successful strategist, "be under no uneasiness, I would not interrupt your tranquillity for the world. You lent £20 yesterday to our friend—and he lent it to me. Give him your receipt and you shall have mine."

Nash, surprised and thrown off his guard, revealed himself with delightful candour.

"Perdition seize thee," he cried, "thou hast been too many for me! You demanded a debt, he asked a favour. To pay thee would not increase our friendship, but to lend him was procuring a new friend by conferring a new obligation."

This curiosity of morals gives an insight into the tactics of Nash to secure the favour of fashionable men. It was thus he judiciously invested small sums among the mammon of society, regardless that occasionally he was taken in. This, however, did not lessen his popularity among his boon companions, and now and again he contrived to turn the laugh against himself on them.

The fair sex in Nash's day, though far removed from the solid privileges women now possess, enjoyed an amount of homage as extravagant as it was unreal and absurd. Men, to prove the depth and sincerity of their passion for a woman, would brave the horrors of indigestion by eating a pair of her shoes disguised in a fricassee. Their wine was not flavoured unless it had been strained through one of her garments. They would eat tallow-candles instead of cheese, and enact all manner of antics to exhibit their devotion.

Nash was not behindhand in these fantasies of affection. On one occasion some one bet him fifty guineas that, to prove his fidelity to his reigning lady-love, he would not stand at the great door of York Minster clad in a blanket while the people were coming out of church. It was a severe test, but impecuniosity rather than love tempted Nash to accept the ordeal. He had just lost all his money at the gaming-table, and glad to make it good as well as to offer a test of his devotion at the shrine of his lady, he took up the challenge. Arrayed accordingly in his blanket, this former "apostle of clothes" stood at the Cathedral door. Some say he held in his hand a bag for alms, while the people were coming out of church. The Dean recognised him.

"What!" he cried in astonishment, "Mr. Nash in masquerade!"

Nash demurely replied, pointing to his companions who were standing by enjoying the situation: "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company."

Another escapade, later on, he would hardly like to have remembered; but men's deeds will follow them. Some one laid him a heavy wager that he would not emulate the example of Lady Godiva, and ride for love's sake through a certain village on the back of a cow. But Nash, notwithstanding his fine exterior, being "out of cash" as usual, rose to the occasion and won the wager. Thus was it in the early days of the last century that the fast man of fashion now and again turned his "honest" penny.

Though by no means edifying or choice experiences, these details of Nash's early life are of value as pictures of the age in which he lived, and descriptive of the style of man who was about to prove such an influence in Bath. He was a rolling stone, it is true, rolling from the University to the Army, from the Army to the Law, without gathering either military or legal moss

of any kind. But of other sort of moss he had an abundant store. He knew men and women, and had learnt one all-baffling secret—how to live and enjoy life without any visible means of subsistence. He was now arrived at the age of thirty, always maintaining a prosperous front to the world. By his agreeable manners he paid his footing at the tables of the rich and aristocratic, into whose social circle he had glided with an insinuity, as irresistible as it was audacious. Thus far so much was secured.

It was about this time that Nash, with the rest of the fashionable world who were anxious to resume their game of cards after the close of the London season, migrated to Bath. Brawling, gambling Captain Webster, as we have seen, was of the company; and no doubt Nash, after showing to what lengths he could go at York and elsewhere, was quite equal to screwing up the watchmen in their boxes, and creating a disturbance in company with the young and rollicking bloods of the day.

But now (1704) Captain Webster was killed in a duel on Claverton Down. The only important social measure he had carried out was to take the balls from the booths on the Bowling-green, and hold them in the Town Hall—not the edifice now standing, which is the work of Baldwin, but a quaint building by Inigo Jones which faced the narrow High Street, opposite to the Christopher Inn.

As ladies of distinction began to frequent Bath, they could not tolerate these booths where ladies danced and men drank and gambled simultaneously. It has been already noted how the want of refinement in their social gatherings very nearly put an end to Bath becoming a fashionable resort at all. It was at this juncture that Nash stepped in to the rescue to charm away not only the "doctor's reptile," as Goldsmith terms the toad the doctor threatened to cast in to the Bath waters, but also the reptile of bad manners. He was full of assurance. He took a survey of the situation and saw what was needed: organization, and a strong hand to carry it through. He laid his scheme before the Municipal authorities, who saw with dismay the threatened loss of public favour to their city, and empowered Nash to use what means he pleased, so long as it could be restored and firmly established.

Orpheus-like, Nash's first measure was to call music to his aid. He started a band of instrumentalists, consisting of six performers,

who played every morning, and proved such a powerful antidote to the poison of the "reptiles," that Nash was instantly extolled as the cleverest of men, and elected king over the social people *vice* Webster, deceased.

On ascending the throne of the Pump-room in Bath, the first task Nash set himself was to inaugurate a social reform. Being a gambler living on his gains, it became his object to make Bath the focus of a moneyed and fashionable gathering. When the votaries of the London Season migrated for their annual cleansing in salt or healing waters, they would naturally flock to that place where they would be best amused and most agreeably entertained. Nash, who had the ear of duchesses and great ladies, knew at once how and whom to please, in order to serve his own ends the more effectually. There was no disinterestedness about him, only a large amount of vanity, love of ease, and that dearest passion of all to the human heart, the love of power.

In one particular he was in advance of his age: he was a harbinger of co-operation. Having determined to concentrate all his fashionable forces, he allowed of no private parties, on pain of his public displeasure. No slight disadvantage this, as to be out of favour with the Master of the Ceremonies was to find oneself neglected at public entertainments. Private parties meant "cliques" and "sets," the sure destruction of social unity; for "sets," like "sects," belie their meaning. Lacking that cementing power of love by which they are supposed to be united, they are held together chiefly by antagonism to all outlying "sets" and "sects," and are supported by a spirit of pride and self-complacency, the opposite of all that is loving or lovely. Nash made it to be understood that when people came to Bath they must lay aside their distinctions in favour of mutually enjoying each other's society on the simple footing of good manners and fine breeding. Anything that was an infringement of this, the only social law, could not be tolerated.

When Nash entered the Assembly Rooms he knew the names and standing of all present. He might have served at Court as Lord Chamberlain, so well did he understand the mysteries of precedence—that sunken rock over which so many come to grief—from Mrs. County Somebody, who thinks herself entitled to take rank before Mrs. Town Somebody, to the youngest daughter of the fourth son of a duke's grandson, over some one whose social ramification is equally subtle and difficult to trace. But



Nash was master of the science of ceremony. To style it so is not to misname it, since it needs the delicacy of decimals to point out its fine distinctions with perfect accuracy. In his hands persons of all degree found themselves appropriately considered. His courteous manners when he chose to be affable—for his politeness, as is often the case with men of his stamp, was, like his smart coat, for occasions—were agreeable and attractive. To keep well with the Master of the Ceremonies, who could bring your daughter into notice, and even make her a "toast" if she had pretensions to beauty, was the one ambition of mothers who sought in Bath a matrimonial market for their daughters. The power vested in such a man as Nash by common social consent can now be appreciated. It was absolute. To do him justice, he was the man for the occasion.

To establish his kingdom on a sound financial basis, he organized regular subscriptions to the Pump-room, the band, and the dances, to which every one was expected to subscribe. The much-complained of want of accommodation must seriously have interfered with Nash's views, as ladies and gentlemen of the class he wished to attract could not support being lodged like clowns. Houses, therefore, were built in various directions after the plan of the then fashionable mansions in Bloomsbury. Harrison had already built, at Nash's suggestion, fine Assembly Rooms overlooking the old Bowling-green, which last was now transformed, planted with trees, into "Harrison's Walks." Nash was energetic in soliciting subscriptions to carry out his reforms. His subjects responded so generously, that the roads around the city were repaired, the streets repaved, cleaned and lighted; chairmen were called to order, and placed under restrictions which prohibited their bullying their passengers under penalty of losing their licences; and Bath began to wear an unusual appearance of cleanliness, comfort, and order.

All this Nash accomplished in a very few years after he ascended his throne, but, like all successful monarchs, he owed much to his ministers. He was fortunate in his colleagues. By a happy concurrence of circumstances there lived in Bath at this time two men who, far more than Nash, have stamped the impress of their names, fortune and genius, on this interesting city. One was Ralph Allen, postmaster and philanthropist, a self-made man who rose to fortune and distinction. The other, John Wood the architect, who built Queen's Square, the Circus and the Hospital, besides many churches and mansions,

notably Prior Park, all of which are lasting monuments of his genius.

To know Ralph Allen as he lived and moved in Bath at that time in conjunction with Wood and Nash, is to know a most interesting man, as unselfish and good-hearted as he was shrewd and enterprising ; full of appreciation, too, for men of art and letters, who found in him at all times a kind and hospitable friend and liberal patron. Like Nash, he was a man of no particular family. He came to Bath originally as a clerk in the post office, and owed his rise in life to the discovery of a plot in favour of the Pretender, whereby some gentlemen of position in Bath were arrested. Marshal Wade was the officer in command at Bath at the time. To him Allen revealed the plot he had discovered ; some say by tampering with the letters at the post office in his capacity of clerk ; others, that he opened them by authority. Who is to judge at this distance of time ? The whole character of the man is in favour of the latter opinion being the correct one.

Marshal Wade recognized Allen's discovery in a most grateful and graceful manner. He invited him to his house, and here Allen became so welcome that he finally married the Marshal's natural daughter, a Miss Earle. With such a powerful patron added to his own shrewd judgment and benevolent nature, Allen's fortunes were soon made. He reorganized the postal arrangements so well for Bath, that he was given the contract for several other towns, by which he made £16,000 a year. People did not grudge him his fortune, since he used it so liberally for the benefit of others and the city of Bath.

Nash and Allen became friends and allies. What Nash did for fashion Allen did for art and politics in the now thriving city. He became the proprietor of large quarries of the since famous Bath stone, and opened up the industry. The people of Bath were slow to believe in it as useful for building purposes ; to prove its capabilities, therefore, Allen had a house built of his Combe Down Ashlar, or Freestone, as the stone was generally called. This house is now standing and known as the " Garrick's Head." It was originally occupied by Nash, a quaint Queen-Anne style of house which now adjoins the present theatre. Here Nash lived and held high state for some years, until he moved into the house next door, which he occupied until his death, and about which more will be said later on. As a further evidence of the capabilities of the depreciated stone, Wood, the architect,

built Allen his splendid mansion at Prior Park, which established its claims.

But to return to Nash, whom we left busy with his reforms. His next step was to frame a code of social laws which he expected every one to observe. His great ambition to be thought a wit dictated the pleasantry of many of these Rules, which, however, were excellent in point of reminding people that the true laws of sociability are based on mutual respect and good-feeling, too often overlooked by society, "good" or otherwise. These Rules, which were hung up in the Pump-room for the instruction of visitors, were headed:—

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN BATH.

"1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming and another at going away are all that are expected or desired by ladies of quality or fashion—except impertinents.

2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before ladies in gowns and caps show breeding and respect.

4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play or breakfast and not theirs—except captious by nature.

5. That no gentleman give his ticket for the balls to any but gentlewomen.

N.B.—Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

6. That gentlemen crowding before ladies at the ball show ill-manners, and that none do so for the future, except such as respect nobody but themselves.

7. That no gentlemen or lady takes it ill that another dances before them, except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past or not come to perfection.

9. That the younger ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.

N.B.—This does not extend to the *Have at all*s.

10. That all whisperers of lies and scandal be taken for their authors.

11. That all such repeaters of lies and scandal be shunned by all company, except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

N.B.—*Several men of no character, old women and young ones, of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of levellers."*

Such are the laws which Goldsmith assures us were written by Mr. Nash, and for whose indifferent composition he thus

apologises. "Poor Nash was not a born writer, for whatever humour he might have had in conversation, he used to call a pen his torpedo, whenever he grasped it, it numbed all his faculties."

But no one can cavil at the spirit of these laws, which were intended to promote kind feeling and good manners. Politeness is often the tribute vice pays to virtue. These rules are ethical in their injunctions, the repression of self being about the last virtue of fashionable life. But Nash was a diplomatist as well as a quizz, and it was a happy stroke of his to presuppose his subjects all he wanted them to be. In order to protect himself from being continually called upon to arbitrate between huffy fashionables he adds the rider to Rule 4, "except captious by nature;" as if any lady would come forward to merit such a distinction! And then again, what a happy hit is Rule 10, with its pendant 11! Why can these not be written wherever men and women socially congregate, in letters of gold if necessary after the manner of the modern advertisement, suspended between earth and heaven, over each city, town and village, to remind people that the scandal-monger is generally a person of soiled reputation!

Reading over these rules one can readily picture the manners and customs of the place:—the crowding among the footmen outside the doors, and quarrelling—possibly from impatience—while waiting to escort their ladies home; the rudeness of some of the gentlemen in pushing before the ladies into the tea or card-room to get the best of the tea and sally-luns, or the best seats at the card-tables; the pouting damsels who are fretting at having to "sit out;" the elderly ladies and children monopolizing the best seats, to the annoyance of the "toasts" and fine ladies who are in the zenith of their beauty; and last, but not least, the hint to young ladies to remember that all eyes are upon them, and not to imitate the bold *Have-at-alls*, which was the name for the flirts or fast girls of the period, whom Nash evidently thinks beyond correction, and is anxious his *débutantes* should not imitate; for one well-remembered trait in his character was his kindness to girls. He was at all times their champion in those libertine days, for pictures of which we have only to turn to the pages of Smollett or Fielding.

A touching story is told of a certain young lady which practically illustrates the Beau's endeavour to protect the young and impulsive. Goldsmith does not give her name—but tells us Miss Silvia S—— was at once a beauty, an heiress and a "toast."

She was a fashionable beauty, moreover; witty and charming, yet simple and good withal. She had lost both parents, and having command of her fortune she was much sought after in marriage. Unfortunately, she fixed her affections upon a certain celebrated gentleman who was known everywhere by the sobriquet of "*The good-natured man*," owing to the sorry plight to which his very generosity of heart and feeling often exposed him. It is no doubt from this gentleman that Goldsmith drew the character in his play of that name. Unfortunately for Silvia, the "good-natured man" was not serious in his intentions; he was simply amusing himself in her society, while she was really in love with him. It is possible, however, that the state of his affairs may have prevented his being in earnest, and that he was too honourable to burden the girl with his debts, which were overwhelming, as Goldsmith describes him as "constitutionally virtuous," and no doubt he may have experienced some scruples in taking advantage of her affections to better his fortunes.

She, however, was not to be outdone in generosity of heart—if such were his motive—and when it came to her knowledge that he had been arrested for debt and sent to prison, she determined to sacrifice all her fortune to free him.

It was then that Nash tried to prevent her taking such a rash step. He pointed out that to sacrifice her own fortune to extricate her lover would ruin her reputation and do him no permanent good; adding, that in place of being grateful to her, her lover, good-natured man though he was, would feel the debt of obligation as an insupportable burden, and instead of loving her better, he would only try to avoid a creditor he could never repay; reminding her also of what he knew but too well from experience:—"that though small favours produce good will, great ones destroy friendship."

But Nash's exhortations were without effect, and Silvia gave up the greater part of her fortune to redeem her lover from prison and from debt; the result being exactly as Nash had predicted. The Beau, however, made her come to Bath, where he promised her his especial protection and an introduction into the best society. It was a proud night for Nash when he introduced Silvia at one of the Bath Assemblies. "Who was she?" was the universal enquiry among those to whom she was a stranger. "So beautiful, so distinguished!" Ladies of the highest rank asked to be introduced to her, and she was generally courted by all.



But poor Silvia was love-sick and disappointed. She had sacrificed both heart and fortune without return, and had now no relish for the amusements of the gay world. She joined in them mechanically, in order to drown her sorrows in their distractions. Silvia ultimately fell into the hands of a woman called Dame Lindsey, a celebrated character at that time (1727) in Bath, remarkable for her wit, humour, and fine voice; the owner of the Assembly Rooms built near and in rivalry to Harrison's, and known for many years as Dame Lindsey's rooms. This Dame Lindsey was a gambler, and her card-room was one of the recognized gambling hells of Bath. She managed to gain an influence over simple, gentle, heart-stricken Silvia, and under the pretence of distracting her mind from her sorrows, she initiated her into the excitements of gambling, using her as a decoy duck to attract young men of wealth to her card-tables. Polite society seeing this, fought shy of Silvia, who, although innocent of all but a passion for gambling, soon lost not only her money but her reputation. For three years Nash strove to persuade her to break with her unworthy associate, whose friendship had done her so much injury; finding his endeavours fruitless, he did his best to advise and protect her against unfair treatment. Finally he succeeded in withdrawing her, but not before her little fortune was lost. Hitherto Silvia had occupied hired rooms in the house of Mr. Wood, the architect, in Queen's Square, where she lived with her maid. She was now reduced to giving her services as a governess to his children in exchange for a home. Not to prolong her sad story, which created a great sensation in Bath at the time, Silvia was found one morning dead, having committed suicide. Goldsmith's account of her closing day of life is well worth giving in full. Few pages of any romance will be found more pathetic.

Resolved to die by her own hand, "she sat down by her dining-room window, and with cool intrepidity wrote the following elegant lines on one of the panes of the window :—

" 'Oh Death, thou pleasing end of human woe!  
Thou cure for life! Thou greatest good below!  
Still mayst thou fly the coward and the slave,  
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.'

"She then went into company with the most cheerful serenity; talked of indifferent subjects till supper . . . spending the remaining hours, preceding bed-time, in dandling two of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. In retiring from thence to her chamber,



she went into the nursery to take her leave of another child, as it lay sleeping in its cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the consciousness of her meditated guilt, she . . . burst into tears, hugging it in her arms. . . She then bid her old servant good-night, for the first time she had ever done so, and went to bed as usual. It is probable she soon quitted her bed, and was seized with an alternation of passions, before she yielded to the impulse of despair. She dressed herself in clean linen, and white garments of every kind, like a bride-maid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, just as a nurse pins the swaddling-clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold-thread. . . ."

She then sat down, having prepared everything, and read the story of "Olympia" in the '*Orlando Furioso*' of Ariosto; nerved by what she read of the sorrows of woman in this world, she stood upon a stool . . . "and, flinging the girdle over a closet-door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended."

But now comes the extraordinary part :—

"Her weight, however, broke the girdle, and the poor despairer fell to the floor. . . Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room. . . She once more had recourse to a stronger girdle made of silver-thread, and this kept her suspended till she died."

"Hundreds," Goldsmith tells us, "lamented her fate when it was too late. In all her affairs Mr. Nash took a peculiar concern. He directed her when she played, advised her when she deviated from the rules of caution, and performed the last offices of friendship after her decease by raising the auction of her little effects."

This gives us a very good idea of the part Nash played towards the unprotected. He was equally generous, apparently, where he saw a young man trying to ruin himself by gambling. But this, no doubt, he felt was the only tribute he could pay to conscience for having established gambling-tables in Bath, and living on the proceeds. We cannot wholly credit him with disinterestedness in this, although on the surface he appears to have acted with generosity. But Nash knew only too well that to ruin a young man at play was to court exposure in high quarters. He could not afford to have his nefarious dealings with the keepers of these gambling hells—from whom he exacted a third or fourth of all their gains—to be brought to light, as

gaming had recently been put down by the Government, and these tables were spread to carry on the spirit of gambling under another name. Hence his anxiety to protect the young fellows who might fall an easy prey to the "sharper." It was this which earned him the reputation of being the guardian of youth. Of course he was ; it was his only policy.

The standing grievance of the "boots" and "white aprons," that gave so much offence at the Bath balls, he cured by an epigram. He could be witty on occasion, and with pardonable vanity never suffered a *bon mot* to which he had given birth to die for want of being circulated. Those who desired to stand well in his favour tossed the word from mouth to mouth, until Nash's "last" became the talk of the hour, and fed the vanity of its author, who wished to rank with the wits. How could he help it? At Ralph Allen's fine mansion at Prior Park was he not always meeting the first wits of the day, and could a man aspire to be less who was on familiar terms with my Lord Chesterfield?

There is something almost sublime in the conduct of this wily adventurer, whose character presented such a strange compound of propriety and profanity, and who for three generations constituted himself a social power, while supporting himself secretly on the gains that poured through the unsavoury drainage of the gambling hells. He reminds one of a splendid sepulchre on which children love to play their games and strew their flowers, because it is *smarter* than the other tombs and attracts their love of the seeming beautiful.

His epigram on the "boots" and "white aprons" runs thus—

#### FRONTINELLA'S INVITATION TO THE ASSEMBLY.

"Come, one and all, to *Hoyden* Hall,  
For there's the Assembly this night ;  
None but rude fools  
Mind manners and rules,  
We *Hoydens* do decency slight.

"Come Trollops and Slatterns,  
Cock't hats and white aprons,  
This best our modesty suits ;  
For why should not we  
In dress be as free  
As *Hogs-Norton* 'Squires in boots."

To give point to the satire he got up a Punch and Judy show, in which Punch comes in dressed in character of a Hogs-Norton Squire—Hogs-Norton, it may be remembered, being the name

given to the grant of land bestowed by Bladud on the Swineherd. The drama proceeds to show the Squire in boots and spurs making love to a lady whom he finally marries. To her disgust he never takes off his boots and spurs, even when he goes to sleep, telling her he would just as soon think of parting from his legs as his boots; that he lived in them—by day and by night, and under all circumstances—this being the height of fashion in Bath, “where,” he says, “they always dance in boots, and the ladies often move minuets in riding-hoods.” He goes on teasing, until Judy, grown impatient, kicks him off the stage.

He was a brave man who, after this, ever ventured to present himself before Nash at the assemblies booted and spurred. If by chance, through ignorance or impertinence, any one did so, Nash would go up to him and, surveying him from head to foot, would tell him that he must go back, as “he had forgotten to bring his horse!”

The ladies, as may be supposed, were more difficult to manage; but Nash was equal to the occasion. The white aprons were a remnant of a bygone fashion which had been relegated to the kitchen; but there are some so wedded to the garments they have once adopted that they have been known to remain as standing monuments of a fashion until the revolutions of time have brought it round to them again. The Duchess of Queensberry was one of these. Rather than part with her apron she refused to pay homage to her Sovereign at Court. Was it likely she was going to lay it aside at the bidding of the Master of the Ceremonies of a Bath ball? Accordingly she entered the room with the offending garment. But the autocrat Nash was not to be baffled. Going up to her with the suave air of a courtier, for he knew what was due to her rank as a duchess, he deplored his inability to make an exception in her favour; he reminded her that only Abigails now wore aprons, and that he had no alternative to offer her but to abandon her apron, or the ball.

It was a trying moment for both the Duchess and Nash. But Nash was in his kingdom, this was his court, and any one seeking admittance must conform to his laws. The Duchess hesitated. No doubt the Beau was insinuating, and by his good-humoured determination and tact turned the scale in his favour. The Duchess looked at him and smiled. Should she give in or not? Finally she yielded. It was *only* Nash! She would humour him. So she untied her apron and gave it to her attendant, while Nash, triumphant over Prior's “beautiful Kitty,” scored.

The Duchess of Queensberry here spoken of was one of the most remarkable ladies of the last century. Witty, beautiful and eccentric, she was frequently celebrated in prose and verse by the wits and poets of the day. Prior, in his poem 'The Female Phaeton,' wrote of her :—

"Thus Kitty, beautiful and young,  
And wild as a colt untamed."

Hence the sobriquet of "Prior's beautiful Kitty," by which she was, and is, familiarly distinguished.

To have vanquished such a redoubtable lady surrounded Nash with social glory ; but the spell this man cast over people must have been almost magnetic when he held not only duchesses but a Royal Princess in subjection. The Princess Amelia, daughter of George II., paid frequent visits to Bath. She was quite a character : a masculine type of woman, fond of her horses and of superintending their treatment in the stables. Fond, too, of riding and cards, and inordinately given to taking snuff. On two or three occasions she pleaded with Nash for "one more dance," or "one more game of cards," after the hour of eleven had struck, when Nash had ruled that the balls should cease.

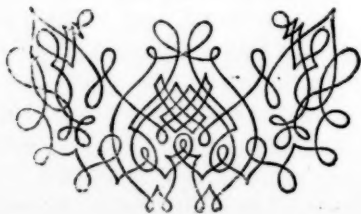
"One more dance, Mr. Nash ; remember I am a Princess," she entreated at first when, as a girl of twenty-five, one would have supposed her request irresistible to a man who professed to be gallant.

But Nash was inexorable.

"Yes, madam," he replied, "but I reign here, and my laws must be kept."

Like the Duchess of Queensberry, the Princess had the magnanimity to acknowledge when she was beaten, and Nash was again triumphant.

(To be continued.)



## TOWARDS THE WILLANDRA BILLABONG.



IT was getting on towards the Australian winter, that is to say, it was nearly the end of May, 1879, when I first made the acquaintance of the Lachlan River. I had come almost direct from the Murray country and had crossed the Murrumbidgee at Buckingbong, afterwards travelling through the grey myall or boree country, where I picked up a mate or chum, a young Englishman who had once been a sailor. Although he was on foot and I on horseback, we travelled together, for I was in no hurry, having taken three months to do about four hundred miles.

The Australian rivers vary somewhat in character, but after they leave the hill country in which they rise, they generally assume the aspect of slow, deep streams within high banks on which grow such gum-trees as rise to a great altitude by rivers or a chain of water-holes. No one seeing the Lachlan in its later summer quietude could imagine that it ever became vigorous and energetic, and the evening Irwin and I made our camp upon its banks it was dumb and motionless. We stayed near a little "tin house," made of corrugated iron, which was occupied by a solitary man and surrounded by fairly good grass, and when I climbed down the steep river-bank to obtain water for tea-making I could hardly discern which way the river flowed. But as we smoked with the hut-dweller after supper, a horseman came along. He pulled up at the door.

"I hear," said he, "that the river is rising fast above Forbes. They say there is a good deal of water coming down."

I took but little notice of the ensuing conversation and soon after curled up in my blankets under a big gum, while my horse picked up a plentiful repast near the banks of the river

When I woke in the morning very early, just as the dawn showed very faintly through the heavy sombre foliage, I became aware of a slight and unusual sound. It was rather a hiss than a roar, even though distant. I fancied it might be the light air stirring the top branches of the gums, but when I turned over towards the Lachlan, whose banks were but fifteen yards away, I saw a pool of water, which I knew had not been there the evening before, between me and the sloping edge of the stream. I recalled the words of last night's traveller, and knew that the mountain flood must have reached us on the plains. I rose and went towards it. The sight was a curious one.

In a long, grey, level country, like the greater portion of western New South Wales, a turbulent or eager river is a novelty. Last night the stream had moved on lazily and with reluctance, a leaf dropped on its still surface by an opossum in the boughs of an overhanging tree stayed in the same spot for many minutes, or if it did move it was with such a slight progression that it mocked one's powers of measurement and deceived the eye into believing the still waters in those deep banks were no more than a pool or long lagoon. But now the great gap between bank and bank was filled with a strong and energetic flood which rushed onward steadily and only stayed in those places where it flowed out upon the level. The river yesterday was pellucid, now it was as turbid as a street torrent. By an optical delusion the stream's centre seemed higher than the sides; in the middle was a wide streak of dirty foam, which half hid the leaves, sticks and branches the flood had collected from the sloping banks for hundreds of miles, as well as a few drowned sheep and here and there a bullock or horse, suddenly surprised in a place whence escape was impossible. The day before the river had been dead, now it was strong, alive, palpitating; it possessed being, and power, and faculties; it could do things, and speak; it had a soul and a voice; the mountains far away to the eastward, where Australia leaps at last from the level, had given it a mission and imparted to it some of the primæval strength that dwells in the regions of snow and tropical rain. It looked to me like an irruption of northerners into the realms of luxurious Rome, an invasion of a summer Sybaris, a warning and a wakening in a slothful land of the lotus, for as I stood and watched it, half in a dream, it seemed to send my own blood faster by a strong suggestion and sympathy.

In the middle of the following day we came to Forbes, the scene of the once famous Lachlan gold diggings. It was a town



of dead gold-fields and dead tree-stumps. Though it seemed active enough from a business point of view in the heart of the town, in the outskirts an abomination of desolation reigned. The piles of white earth ejected and rejected from the silent pits of deserted mines, no longer thronged by eager men; the thousands of dead, stricken, and destroyed trees only evidenced by ghastly stumps, made me anxious to get away from the largest town I had seen since leaving Albury on the Murray. For here humanity was mainly manifest by the outrages it had committed on nature, the town itself seemed but a small, ugly parasite fattening on the carcase of the once flourishing forest, and seeing the evil works of civilized man, I preferred going farther into the wilderness. So, after vainly asking for letters at the post-office, we turned westward again, going down the Lachlan, which was now rapidly falling in volume and failing in energy. We camped in a silent, untouched forest of gum-trees.

By this time I had been on the road, looking for work (I was no rich traveller), for three months. I had asked a hundred times for something or for anything to do, along three hundred and fifty miles of country, and had asked in vain. I was without money, though that does not matter much in most parts of New South Wales, and was almost in despair as to getting work. Irwin and I had, indeed, come to the resolution to ask no more if we failed at the next place. We elaborated a gigantic scheme which included selling my horse and getting some kind of a boat in which to navigate the Lachlan or Darling right through New South Wales to Adelaide. But fate was kind, and did not send us to encounter the difficulties which would have awaited us at every turn of such a journey, for we came to Burrawang.

At this great "station" every one was in violent activity. Building was going on at a great rate and new foundations were being dug for an immense hut to shelter all the employés, while horses and carts and horsemen were as busy as though it were the headquarters of an army preparing for winter. The prospect seemed encouraging for men willing to work, and in ten minutes we were both engaged, for I tackled one "boss" after the other until finally I came to the owner of the place. He stared at me for half a moment and then said—

"Yes; you go out to the Deadman Plain, both of you. Be at the store at one o'clock and go with Ross."

We had not the least notion what we were to do, and it was only when we were in the wagon on our way to the plain so

disagreeably named that we found that our destined task was "burr cutting." It required some further explanation to satisfy me, for I knew not what burrs were nor why they should be cut. There is, as it appeared, a kind of harmful plant which grows increasing on the plains of New South Wales. It is known as the Bathurst Burr and is a great nuisance to wool-growers, as the burrs get knotted in the sheep's coats, and by making the wool hard to comb render it much less valuable. By Act of the Legislature squatters are required to cut it down ere it sheds its seeds and burn it. We had come just in time for the burr-cutting season, and were soon hard at it with a hoe apiece.

Our camp was close to Deadman Plain, which was so named from a traveller dying there of thirst, and only divided from it by a thin belt of bull and she oaks and dry sombre-looking dwarf box-trees. Our tents were comfortable, we had a good cook and good rations, and we drew good water from a shallow lagoon enlarged artificially by a dam. To this lake came black swans and spoonbills, with smaller water-fowl. At night time what we called curlews flew overhead and made the melancholy plain ring with their fearful screams, which suggest hideous massacres of unarmed people. I know no more dreadful note in all nature. Every tree about us was plentifully provided with opossums, who stole at night into our tents; and every day we saw kangaroo, and their lesser relatives the nocturnal kangaroo-rats, which we disturbed in their sleep as we worked on the plain. They usually camp in little hollows of the ground, and carefully cover themselves with dry grass, in order to protect themselves from the fierce sun, or to hide from the eagles which forever flew round overhead looking for such game or a lamb or sick sheep. For these birds poison baits were specially laid, and we often came across a splendid dead specimen destroyed in this way. Not infrequently pigs which had run wild and multiplied in the bush were also poisoned. There was certainly plenty of animal life about our camp. We did not keep dogs, as it was necessary to have them closely muzzled on account of the baits which were lying everywhere about us.

During six weeks of the late summer Irwin and I worked hard at burr cutting for the regulation wages of a pound a week. We hoed them down, raked them together in heaps to dry, and finally made great bonfires of them under the burning Australian sun, which is always hot whenever it shines, even though it be

only a cloudless interval of the rainy season. The heat was frequently intense, but I found, as is so often the case, that I endured it better than the native-born whites themselves, of whom we had several representative specimens in the camp.

Men born and reared in wild countries are rarely well educated in any sense of the word, but after a varied experience of all sorts and conditions of Texans, Californians, British Columbians, and many others, commend me to a bush-bred New South Wales man for sheer downright ignorance. I by no means attempted to set up as an authority or a dictator of debates, and yet I was continually getting into trouble by innocently introducing what my mates considered new and dangerous heresies.

For instance, I one day let fall a remark which implied that the world was round. If I remember rightly I said that England was nearly beneath us. This caused a most violent commotion in the circle seated round the camp-fire near our lagoon. The elder of two brothers—both very big men and hostile to me on account of other strange theories—was so righteously indignant with me that for a moment I feared I had said something which hurt his feelings. When he had discovered by questions that I was not joking, he looked at me solemnly and with great self-control quoted the Bible. I made some innocent remarks about Biblical and other early cosmogonies which the whole company considered impious and heretical. I began to feel like Galileo before the Inquisition. I wondered whether I was in a tribe of savages or whether my education had been conducted on a radically wrong basis. They plied me with questions, threw ridicule on me, used the rudest species of bush irony and backwoods sarcasm, and when I appealed in despair to Irwin to support my view of the universe, they begged me to leave him alone, as they felt certain he was not such a fool as to believe anything so absurdly, so ridiculously, so impiously and startlingly new as my theory. I grew angry and retorted, used all the well-known arguments, asked them questions in return, and at last hit on one which nobody could answer. Then Big Bill rose up in wrath, and, backed by his brother and the applause of the crowd, actually threatened to go for me then and there if I did not refrain from the promulgation of blatant atheism. As I saw no prospect of being able to fight the whole camp with any satisfactory result, I retired, like Achilles, to my tent and smoked in silent and solitary indignation.

If I had been a little older, I might have known better than

expect intelligence from a gang whose sole talk was of horses, varied not infrequently with the vilest ribaldry. Should my evil destiny ever drive me again among Australians of that sort, I am prepared to acknowledge that the cutting of burrs is a necessary preliminary to the study of philosophy, and will without demur subscribe to the Cartesian theory of vortices or to the ancient cosmogony of Ptolemy. When I have grown so meek I shall never attempt to defend school astronomy, nor will I fight for any new-fangled geographical theory whatever.

Why it is I cannot say, but there is little or no reading done in the Australian bush. In America one may always find the best novels—of course in pirated editions—in every store. I have bought Thomas Hardy's 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' and George Meredith's 'Diana of the Crossways,' on a counter covered with bear hides in a little British Columbian store by the Shushwap Lake, but I never found any literature in the New South Wales bush. A weekly newspaper is as far as one may go there.

As it was, I did not get away from Deadman Plain without a desperate fight, in which I got satisfactorily whipped after putting my thumb out of joint. The cause of the combat was neither evolution nor history, but language. And language of a kind which according to bush ethics left me with no peaceful alternative. I had been suffering from an ulcerated throat, and had eaten nothing solid for a week. When I recovered I restored the balance of power, and a week afterwards triumphantly fired the last dried heap of cut burrs and went back to the Home Station.

I had entertained some hope of employment for the whole of the winter, or rainy season, which was just setting in; but was disappointed. Apparently the great business of the year was over, and I received my cheque, or what is called in bush parlance my "walking papers." Fortunately, I had my horse, and so had a man with whom I made chums, who had just been sacked for fighting with his boss. Charlie McPhillamy was a young Victorian, a rather melancholy ne'er-do-well, who began at twenty-nine to regret having lost what opportunities Fate had afforded him, in the desolation of the grey-brown plains of New South Wales. Yet he was an amiable, well-dispositioned fellow, whom I liked much, and should have liked far better if it had not been for his ineradicable desire to get up early. All my life I have abhorred that most unnatural proceeding; in all my

wanderings and strange tasks the necessity for getting up with the fanatical sun has been the most bitter of all bitternesses to me, and now I make up for it by remaining in bed, if I possibly can, while I reflect with satisfaction that no ranch bell rings, no saw-mill whistle blows, no watch on deck roar "Starbow lines ahoy!" no bo'sun sings out "Turn to!" and that no boss of any description whatever comes to threaten me with the sack if I don't mend my morning manners. I sometimes hated McPhillamy for rousing me, and once I chased him with a stirrup I snatched from my saddle. For early rising in Australia when travelling in the rainy season was wholly unnecessary.

We had turned our horses' heads towards the west and followed the Lachlan down for some miles. One night we camped opposite Condobolin, in a wretched ramshackle old hut, with a companion whom I seemed to know. After some conversation it turned out that I had met him a year before on the Murray River, more than three hundred miles to the southward, when he was in a state of prosperity—fat, well-dressed, with a good horse, having charge of a mob of travelling sheep. Now he was on foot, in rags, carrying his blankets and cooking a little flour, affording a good example of the sudden changes of condition so often witnessed in new countries and usually to be traced to drink or gambling.

That night our horses took a little stroll all on their own account, and in the morning were not to be seen. I took up their trail, as I thought, and followed it for about seven miles through thick bush, often getting thrown off the scent, but as often finding it again. I was sure that they were our horses, because Charlie's animal dragged his near forefoot the veriest trifle, making a peculiar mark, but when I at last came up with them I found, to my intense disgust, that they were not ours. I had been tracking from eight o'clock in the morning until two, and had to wearily retrace my steps. Charlie I found recumbent in the hut, smoking with melancholy satisfaction that it was not he who was in the bush, but he did not look so pleased when he saw me limp in, tired, disgusted and unsuccessful. After a rest I took the billy and went down to the river, which was about eighty yards away, and close to the banks I found the horses I had walked fourteen miles for. If I fancied my own wicked animal, Devilskin, leered with satisfaction and was fat with self-conceit, I may not have been far out, for he certainly knew a thing or two about travelling. In the next township I bought a bell for his neck.



But he played me a different trick soon afterwards, which the bell did not serve to prevent.

That day was the last fine weather we had. In the evening it came on to rain heavily, and henceforward, for six weeks, there were few hours that the sky was not lowering. It is not pleasant work, riding along for a whole day, wet through, but when a day multiplies itself indefinitely, and a dry skin becomes a kind of legend or myth in one's personal history, the infliction has a tendency to depress the strongest traveller. We rarely came to a travellers' hut, the stations were thinly scattered, and to stay in the hotels at an occasional township which consisted of a general store, a drinking-house and a blacksmith's shop, was decidedly hard on one's purse. Ours were not very heavy, for though Charlie left Burrawang with ten pounds, I had only five. So we usually camped out in the open or under the gums, which are not a whit more satisfactory as shelter-trees than the straggling cedars of the Pacific slope in British Columbia. They do no more than concentrate the rain and pour it on you in spouts rather than in sprinkles. Yet there is a certain satisfaction in being under a big tree; one can make believe that he has something over him, and, trusting to his imagination, may pity the poor fellows who that night are forced to camp on the open plain.

For a week it rained, and then for another week, until the ground, which at no time was hard or rocky, became saturated, and so soft that the horses went in over the hoofs, and we wretched individuals woke up in the morning to find that we lay in pools of warm muddy water. During the whole journey Charlie was eager to rise betimes. It may seem that he was wise, seeing the state of affairs; but if so, I was foolish. The weather was not very cold, my blankets were new and heavy (they are the same I took all over Western America and I possess them now), and I was fond of sleep. I did not mind being wet so long as I was warm, and I used to refuse to rise on any pretext. Charlie would get up, go away and then come back and relate to me through the blankets which covered my head, that he believed our horses were lost. I replied sleepily that I was glad of it, and wished he would go and lose himself too. Yet it was in vain. I had to rise, sulkily, at last. Then, to add insult to injury, I could by no persuasion get him ready to leave camp. As long as I was up he didn't care, and would do nothing. It fell to me to seek the horses: often and often I saddled his as well as my own,



and sometimes I rode off a mile, leaving him lazily contemplating his wet gear or hunting for a hot coal to light the fourth pipe he had smoked since rising. Certainly we did not work well together.

One night we came to a nice little bend in the river where there was plenty of grass and an immense quantity of fallen dead timber. The gum trees there were particularly large for that part of the country, some of them measuring fifteen feet or more in girth. We selected this place for a camp and turned our horses loose. We started a fire under a great trunk, determined, since it still rained and was comparatively cold, that we would for once have a real blaze. Charlie and I carried wood for an hour, and by nine o'clock the flames shot twenty feet into the air, roaring and hissing with the falling rain, while the leaves of the gum trees above turned brown with the parching heat. For once in a while we were dry. But in the morning my horse was gone, bell and all. Charlie's nag stared at us disconsolately when we found him, but he was decidedly alone. For three days my mate hunted the absentee, and when he was just on the point of giving up the search, he discovered him in a large mob of horses belonging to the station on which we were camped. He drove them all into the stockyard and I parted Devilskin from the rest with some trouble. When I saddled him he was nearly wild and bucked violently, so excited was he by his temporary intercourse with the half-wild strangers. Then in the morning my mate's horse was missing. This was a heavy blow to us, for we wanted to get on. It took three days to find him. When we finally did leave that unlucky bend we went into a wretched little township a few miles farther down the river and stayed at the hotel, where they charged us seven-and-sixpence apiece for the entertainment of our horses on what is known as "hay" in that part of the bush, that is, barley in the straw.

In the morning we started off, and came by night, in the rain, to the most wretched camping-ground we had had yet. It resembled a swamp; indeed, it was partly covered with a kind of reed or cane-brake, which only grows in damp situations. The added rain made the place terrible indeed. We tried to go on but with the falling darkness much more travel was out of the question. Besides, the farther we went the worse it got. At last we camped in despair, and chose the only sloping piece of ground we could see, which was by a big rain-pool. Suitable wood there was none, and all there was seemed proof against fire,

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One night we came to a nice little bend in the river where there was plenty of grass and an immense quantity of fallen dead timber. The gum trees there were particularly large for that part of the country, some of them measuring fifteen feet or more in girth. We selected this place for a camp and turned our horses loose. We started a fire under a great trunk, determined, since it still rained and was comparatively cold, that we would for once have a real blaze. Charlie and I carried wood for an hour, and by nine o'clock the flames shot twenty feet into the air, roaring and hissing with the falling rain, while the leaves of the gum trees above turned brown with the parching heat. For once in a while we were dry. But in the morning my horse was gone, bell and all. Charlie's nag stared at us disconsolately when we found him, but he was decidedly alone. For three days my mate hunted the absentee, and when he was just on the point of giving up the search, he discovered him in a large mob of horses belonging to the station on which we were camped. He drove them all into the stockyard and I parted Devilskin from the rest with some trouble. When I saddled him he was nearly wild and bucked violently, so excited was he by his temporary intercourse with the half-wild strangers. Then in the morning my mate's horse was missing. This was a heavy blow to us, for we wanted to get on. It took three days to find him. When we finally did leave that unlucky bend we went into a wretched little township a few miles farther down the river and stayed at the hotel, where they charged us seven-and-sixpence apiece for the entertainment of our horses on what is known as "hay" in that part of the bush, that is, barley in the straw.

In the morning we started off, and came by night, in the rain, to the most wretched camping-ground we had had yet. It resembled a swamp; indeed, it was partly covered with a kind of reed or cane-brake, which only grows in damp situations. The added rain made the place terrible indeed. We tried to go on but with the falling darkness much more travel was out of the question. Besides, the farther we went the worse it got. At last we camped in despair, and chose the only sloping piece of ground we could see, which was by a big rain-pool. Suitable wood there was none, and all there was seemed proof against fire,

for weeks of soaking had saturated it. Charlie, who had been much longer in the bush than I, was more hopeless of a blaze. He affirmed that we could not get one without an axe, or a tomahawk at the least, and we possessed neither. But I would not camp out without a fire. I took my knife, and going to the trees, peeled off the outside bark, which I rejected, but taking the under layer scraped it up and put it inside my shirt. I chose the most sheltered spot of ground I could find and turned over the leaves until I came to a layer of those which were less wet than the others. I put them with the bark. Going round in the gathering darkness, I rattled the bush about to find dead twigs, which I broke into small pieces and pouched as well. Then I returned to my mate, who was sitting on his saddle in a state of gloom, with the heavy rain pouring over him. I asked him for paper—a letter, an envelope, anything. He had none. I had none myself, so at last I was compelled to cut away part of the only match-box I had and shred it up fine. By this time I was very damp, and my fire materials, though they made me very uncomfortable, seemed dryer. I scraped a little spot clear, and making Charlie hold his hat over it, put my paper down. This I covered with a few leaves. Match after match went out, but each one that did so dried the materials a little, besides going on the pile, and at last I got a little blaze. By careful attention I preserved it so that it grew, adding leaf by leaf and twig by twig, until Charlie was able to put his hat on again. In an hour we had a fine fire, and were able to turn our attention to making the tea, without which every travelling Australian is a miserable rebellious animal against destiny.

Meantime the rain came down in torrents. We were, of course, saturated, our blankets were heavy, the ground squelched with every step we made and squirted liquid mud. I took Charlie's blankets with one of my own and spread them on the sloping ground, while I fixed some rude poles and a horizontal stick, upon which I placed my other blanket. With my hands I scraped a rough trench at the top and carried it round at the sides. The fire was at our feet, and we crawled in very carefully to avoid bringing down the canopy. The bed was at any rate soft, so much could be said for it, for I felt myself sinking as if I were on feathers. The fire being fairly hot and the two of us close together we managed to keep warm, finally going to sleep steaming in a kind of mingled mud and rain bath. For very soon the water came through the upper blanket.

In the middle of the night I woke up feeling very cold and uncomfortable. Stretching out my hand I found that the trench above had so altered its configuration that it concentrated the water and delivered it on me in one volume. A little more and I should have slid out of the impromptu tent. I growled and plastered vainly at the trench with mud which was too liquid to dam the breach, and in my struggles I dislodged the sticks, letting the canopy and horizontal down on Charlie. He woke up and looked into matters. Finally we rejected the sticks, let the upper blanket remain where it was, rolled close together, and determined to take what fate sent. So I slept again in a running stream.

In the early morning we crawled out, looking two more wretched mortals than any Prometheus brought fire to. We were plastered with mud and running with water. Neither could have been moister if he had slept in the rising pool which hissed now in the lower embers of our sinking fire. I took hold of the blankets and ripped them from the ground, which then showed deep casts of our figures. As they could not be wetter, and might be cleaner, we washed them in the pool, wrung them out, and wore them as ponchos or cloaks. In sombre silence we looked to the fire, made tea, saddled up and departed. The next day we came to the Willandra Billabong.

So far as I am aware there is no similar feature to the true billabong in any country except Australia. Certainly there are rivers whose raised banks only restrain them from flooding the adjacent districts, such as the Po, and other streams of northern Italy; but to this end human labour has been employed during many centuries in heightening the natural barriers which grow less and less efficacious as the detritus and wash from the Alps fill their beds in the lower valleys and plains. In Australia the level of some of the rivers at flood time is decidedly above the level of the neighbouring districts, and the billabongs found in the Lachlan and other streams are natural aqueducts, like the lashers of some of our rivers, artificially raised by locks, which draw off the water when it rises to a certain level. On reaching the Willandra Charley McPhillamy, who was familiar with that part of New South Wales, pointed out to me what had all the appearance of a dry affluent to the river by which we had been journeying, and asked me what I thought of it. I said it was a "creek," or stream-bed then dry. It certainly seemed to be what I said, and yet, in spite of its look, no water ever ran



from it into the river. On the contrary, as I soon found out, when the river rose as it had done when I was travelling with Irwin, the turbid waters poured out into the country by this gap and ran like an original stream through three hundred miles of plain which had otherwise been wholly dependent on rain and dug wells for its supply. We turned down the Willandra, making for Mossgiel, a large sheep station on which my mate had once been employed.

The country could hardly be described as interesting. On leaving the Lachlan we quitted the region of the big gums, while the box trees grew smaller and more dwarfed yet as we got into the heart of the plains in the Back-blocks. The billabong was then almost empty, save for a few pools here and there; its banks and beds were covered with dry wind-shaken reeds, around us everywhere was a boundless level only broken by a few stray clumps of dismal dwarf boxes that could be seen, though not larger in girth than nine inches, very many miles away. Fortunately for us, the weather changed a little: it no longer rained in ceaseless torrents; the sky, though sometimes overcast and rarely free from clouds, was not a dismal canopy of leaden hue; the sun often shone cheerfully and we were rarely quite wet to the skin. But we had a week's journey before us yet, and having started from the separation of the river and billabong with nothing but flour and some jam in our commissariat, we found at the only place we expected to get meat that the occupants of the hut were just then no better provided with flesh foods than ourselves.

There is such a thing as being hungry and not being able to eat certain foods. Once, in the pages of this magazine, I described how I absolutely starved for four days and a half. I found that existing five days on bread and jam while riding in the open plains, or while occupying oneself for a day or so in succession hunting up a strayed horse was almost as unpleasant. I loathed the bread made in thin cakes on the coals, known in the colonies as Johnny-cakes, and as for jam, I think I have not yet recovered my liking for it. We were both almost ready to steal a sheep, so keen grew our carnivorous desires. In the end we absolutely refused to touch what we had left and rode on fiercely, knowing that we could not be very far from the Mossgiel sheep-shed by which some Chinamen were living. We reached their huts at last, late in the evening.

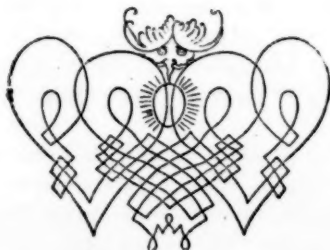
I dismounted and walked up to the place. Peering into the



dirty interior dimly lighted by the bush light called a slush-lamp, I spied four Chinamen playing euchre with a pack of almost indistinguishable cards. They looked up rather sulkily on being disturbed. I asked for meat, or rather demanded it, having previously made up my mind that if there was any to be had, I would obtain it at any cost, even by fighting. They denied they had any, but as I saw a dried piece of sheep ribs hanging on a hook, I seized hold of it without any circumlocution and asked how much they wanted. On payment of a shilling I departed with my prize, and we repaired to the shearers' hut, at that time of the year quite empty.

We were perfectly ravenous. It was dry salt meat, but to think of wasting time in boiling it was ludicrous. We found a rude gridiron made of fencing wire in the old hut's fireplace and began grilling. I ate fifteen small chops in rapid succession, and Charlie finished the remainder. Though the saltiness of it was indescribable, I never enjoyed a meal more in all my life, and shall probably never do so again until I ride a hundred miles in keen bright air living on bread and jam. But during the whole night I was drinking water. In the morning the door of our sleeping hut was burst violently open and a big black-and-tan collie rushed in, who made instant overtures of affection to me and ended by leaping into my bunk, where he lay until the boundary rider who lived close by called to him. Oddly enough, two months later I owned that very dog, for when his master left Mossgiel, at which I worked so long as butcher and milkman. I was made a boundary rider myself, and bought him. Charlie, my mate, obtained employment as well, and was there yet when after six months I returned to Melbourne on my way home to England.

MORLEY ROBERTS.



## BEGUN IN JEST.

BY MRS. NEWMAN.

AUTHOR OF "HER WILL AND HER WAY," "WITH COSTS,"  
"THE LAST OF THE HADDONS," &c.

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### CHAPTER IX.

UNCLE RICHARD.

MABEL'S awakening was almost as pleasant as though she were at home, and had besides the zest of novelty. The carolling of the birds outside, and the fresh young voices of the children, were her reveille; and, as soon as she opened the door, the three were pressing round her with their morning's greeting. Joining hands, they began the day with a merry dance round the room; the governess's heart as gay and joyous, and her laughter as free, as that of the youngest of her pupils.

The surprised look of the maid-servant, who entered in the midst of the fun, and the children's, "Isn't it lovely, Hannah!" reminded Mabel that she was the governess, and expected to keep up her dignity.

The few questions she put to the children, as they afterwards sat at breakfast, brought forth replies which showed her that the demands upon her stock of knowledge would be of the slightest. It was evident that patience would be more in demand than anything else; and, in the pleasant excitement of the moment, she had no misgivings as to being lacking in that. Algy was very little advanced beyond the alphabet stage; Mima labouring heavily through 'Pinnock'; and Sissy only just emerging from it.

Three pairs of eyes were bent with keen, anxious scrutiny upon her, as, with a grave, Minerva air, she took her seat at the table; a heap of books in the centre, Sissy and Mima on either side, and Algy opposite. She began with a solemn little speech, which she flattered herself had a proper, business-like tone, about

hoping to find them obedient and industrious. It certainly had its effect so far as causing their faces to lengthen went.

But some obtuse remark from Mima, as, with a disconsolate face, she bent over her book, presently called forth a little smile and jest from Mabel, and this seemed to have so much better effect upon them than solemnity, that she imagined she had hit upon a very good method of lightening her own as well as her pupils' labours. Indeed, her amusement at their mistakes, their droll interpretations, and her diverting explanations, rendered it as the children delightedly affirmed, like a "play lesson." In her elation at her success, she did not see that she was instituting a rather dangerous precedent. The plan answered admirably the first day. Governess and pupils rose from their morning's work the best of friends.

In the afternoon there was a long pleasant ramble in the woods, from which they returned, not too tired for merry talk and laughter over tea. After an hour's preparation of the lessons for the morrow, there were games, ending up with an improvised narrative from Mabel, of a certain ill-conditioned spider, and the triumph of three small flies which laid their heads together to circumvent its cruel designs. But she had not calculated upon the literal interpretation that was at once given to her story.

"We are the three flies, and we know who old Spider is, don't we, Mima? don't we, Sissy?" ejaculated Algy, rolling off his stool in the ecstasy of his delight.

Mabel began presently to see what was in their minds, and did her best to convince them of the truth that she had intended nothing personal, and might as well have said four or five as three flies. Her attempts were regarded as only part of the jest.

"We are not going to say anything to old Spider about it, Miss Leith, dear; no, of course not. But we know—we know; and we mean to join together, too, and show her that three flies are a match for one spider, when they put their heads together!" said Algy, taking great pains to explain to Soames, when she entered the room with the information that it was their bed-time, that he was laughing about "nothing very 'tickler."

"You ought not to be allowed to laugh so much, Master Algy. It is not good for you," crossly returned Soames.

"This is not the nursery," said Mabel, nettled at the woman's tone and manner. "Good-night, dears; we have had a happy day, have we not?"

"Oh, yes, lovely ; not a bit like lessons !" as one after the other put their arms round her for a parting hug.

"It will not be so very difficult after all, perhaps," thought Mabel, sitting down in a pleasant frame of mind to write to Dorothy. She was feeling really the better for the day's amusement, as it might be called. It did not occur to her that the amusement might be less, as the novelty wore off.

The following three days were spent in much the same way. It was fine July weather, and Mabel found it enjoyable enough to spend so many hours in the open air. Moreover, the children found some amusement for themselves in chasing each other about under the trees ; which left her to enjoy the beautiful surroundings in her own fashion.

With the exception, perhaps, of Soames, the nurse—and she had not the power to interfere about anything that went on during school hours—none seemed likely to put any obstacles in Mabel's way. She had seen Mrs. Brandreth but once since their first interview, and then only for a few moments, when she paid a hurried visit to the school-room, on her way down to dinner.

With the same elaborate politeness of speech and languidly absent manner, Mabel had previously noticed, she again ran gracefully through the form of hoping Miss Leith found her room comfortable ; had all she desired ; that her pupils were not too shockingly backward ; and so forth. She asked questions without waiting for replies ; deploring her own multitudinous engagements which prevented her seeing her darlings as often as she would like to do ; turning about her slender white hand to catch the light upon her diamond rings as she spoke. Then, giving Algy a tap on the cheek with her fan, a slight bend in Mabel's direction, and a mechanical smile at nothing, she swept out of the room again.

The fourth day found Mabel somewhat less appreciative of the constant companionship of the children ; although she could still persuade herself that she would be able to get through the allotted six months "in some fashion," and return in triumph to spend Christmas at home.

As she sat with the children at their lessons in the morning, Soames brought word that Miss Leith might take her pupils down to luncheon in the dining-room, if she did not, in the meantime, receive another message to the contrary, which might happen if visitors arrived.

"Oh, very well," replied Mabel, with the quiet smile which Soames found so irritating.

Soames would have been no way mollified could she have afterwards heard Mabel endeavouring to defend her to the children. They had been quick to note her antagonism to their governess, and were as quick to resent it. As she quitted the room, Algy shook his small fist, with the threat that, when he became an earl, he would speak to the Queen, and have Soames imprisoned the rest of her life, to punish her for being so rude to dear Miss Leith.

Mabel smilingly opined that it would be beneath an earl to punish people for not knowing how to behave themselves.

"But she knows some things are not right, and she does them all the same," sharply returned Algy. "When I'm being washed, and she's cross, she pushes the soap into my eyes, and she knows that hurts; though I won't cry out, and"—taking a sliding step backwards and forwards—"I mean to have her punished, when I grow up."

The thought of dining downstairs was not unwelcome to Mabel. The change of scene, and the opportunity for a little conversation with some one besides the children, although it were only Mrs. Brandreth, who did not appear to be very interesting, would be worth something. No message came to countermand the invitation; and, when the time arrived, she descended with the children, Algy and Mima taking possession each of a hand, and Sissy following.

Mabel entered the dining-room slightly flushed and smiling, having just received an offer of marriage from Algy; her gold brown hair becomingly ruffled by his energetic manner of sealing the compact, and her deep grey eyes radiant with fun. Her grey morning gown, with its soft frillings of lace and knots of pale, coral-coloured ribbon, matching the few beautiful carved ornaments, were all of the refined artistic kind which money can buy, and worn with such easy unconscious grace; not a stiff fold, nor hint of a fashion-book, about her.

An elderly woman, her daughter, and a young man had just entered the room with Mrs. Brandreth. "How stupid of me to forget!" she thought, with a momentary glance at Mabel, as she and the children came in. But she must make the best of it now, she said to herself, indicating the places Mabel and her pupils were to take at the table. After a few words to the children, they and their governess were for the time forgotten.

and Mrs. Brandreth continued her conversation with her guests.

"I suppose this is the usual sort of thing," thought Mabel in some amusement, sitting back in her chair with her hands lightly folded in her lap. "It is to be hoped I shall conduct myself with the decorum proper to my station." Suddenly it occurred to her that she might find herself placed in an embarrassing position; and her eyes turned somewhat apprehensively, as well as curiously, towards the visitors. "What if one of them should have happened to meet her anywhere during the season and were to recognize her now?"

Their faces were strange to her, and as they did not evince any signs of recognition, she concluded that she must be equally strange to them, and breathed freely again.

Mrs. Severn, a woman of nearly sixty years of age, with a great deal of forehead, small beady eyes, and a high nose, was telling Mrs. Brandreth of a sad *mésalliance*. "Quite the best match of the season, you know, and she only a——" mumble, mumble, mumble, with a glance in the direction of Mabel.

Her daughter, upon whose small prettiness—of the kind which loses its attraction after sixteen—the experience of five or six unsuccessful seasons had told disadvantageously, was talking with girlish enthusiasm about the new tenor, who had made so successful a *début* the other night, in 'Faust,' to the young man by her side, whom the children had hailed as "Uncle Richard."

Richard Noel found it difficult to reply with the *empressement* to which she was accustomed in his manner, towards her; his eyes straying with not a little surprise and curiosity towards the beautiful young governess sitting opposite. "Who was she? Of whom did she remind him? What was her name?" he was asking himself. He had certainly seen her, or some one very like her not long before.

Her eyes were smiling, and she seemed quite unconscious or regardless of anything awkward or unpleasant in her position, eating her chicken in a graceful, dainty, but thoroughly enjoyable way.

"I feel quite sure I have seen her before; but where—where?" he again and again asked himself, cudgelling his brains for some clue as he looked at her with puzzled eyes, making, meanwhile, somewhat haphazard replies to Miss Severn's little rhapsodies. He could not presently resist the desire to say a few words, and enquired, putting as much deference as possible into



his voice and manner to atone for being unable to address her by name, which had not been mentioned. "I am afraid you do not always find your pupils as quiet and well-behaved as they are now."

"We do not tell tales out of school, do we, Mima?" said Mabel, frankly meeting for a moment the dark eyes bent so respectfully upon her, and coming to the conclusion that he had a pleasant manner, and was—for a dark man—rather nice-looking.

"Not yet," replied literal Mima, turning her eyes gravely towards him. "But we are promised one, Uncle Richard, a story in the hollow, the first good day."

"Good? You mean fine, don't you, Mima?" he replied, hoping to lead up to the governess's name without having to ask for it, and thereby attract his sister's attention.

"No; I meant when we were all good together, you know, Uncle Richard."

"I think any one might be good for a story in the hollow."

"And so we should yesterday, if it hadn't been for Mima, uncle," said Algy. "Sissy and I were ever so good, and all for nothing."

"But I didn't know, Algy," pleaded Mima. "You never told me why you were going to, and I was only cross because——"

"Are they not talking too much, Miss Leith?" enquired Mrs. Brandreth; adding to her brother, "I wish you wouldn't encourage them, Richard."

Mabel was on the point of making some jesting reply as to the little encouragement required, but recollected in time, and demurely whispered a warning word to Mima. "I am getting on quite beautifully," she thought; "a real wooden doll couldn't behave better."

"Leith—Miss Leith!" Richard Noel had the greatest difficulty in abstaining from giving some expression to his astonishment, and only succeeded by keeping his eyes fixed upon his plate and endeavouring to appear absorbed in the process of dissecting the wing of chicken. He knew now. It had been only the seeing her there acting the part of a governess that, for the first few moments, threw him out. He had recognized her at first. After spending nearly the whole of one evening at the opera, with his glass fixed upon her, he was hardly likely to be mistaken. But he was as puzzled as ever upon another point. Why was she there, acting as a governess? Miss Leith, the most beautiful of the two richest heiresses of the season, who, but the other day, seemed as far from him as the stars.

Richard Noel had not a very firm footing in society, the prestige of belonging to a good family, notwithstanding. Not only was he known to be deeply in debt, but there were rumours that he had more than once used crooked means to add to his almost infinitesimally small income, and the charges brought against him were none the less damaging to his reputation from the fact of their being couched in mysterious language.

He was four or five years younger than his sister, Mrs. Brandreth, with whom his handsome face atoned for a great many of his shortcomings—that, and her creed, that people were no better than circumstances allowed them to be. She was, just then, in the hope of bringing about a match between him and Miss Severn, whose income of a thousand a year would suffice to keep them out of difficulties, even if, as had been hinted by the “horrid old mother,” it was to be securely settled on Flora, before marriage. His fortunes were at so low an ebb that he had caught eagerly at the suggestion, and had, so far, found little difficulty in making a favourable impression upon the young lady.

He glanced towards his sister, asking himself whether she was helping to keep up the governess fiction; and, if so, for what purpose? Surely Agatha would not allow him to commit himself by paying court to Miss Severn if she knew there was a much richer prize within his reach. He could detect nothing in her bearing to warrant the supposition that she regarded Miss Leith in any other way than as the governess to the children. Indeed, she just then seemed to find it somewhat difficult to be sufficiently courteous towards the young girl, to come up to her own standard of good-breeding.

Could it be that Miss Leith had in some way lost her fortune and suddenly found herself obliged to go out into the world to earn her bread? or— He recollected having heard that the sisters were considered a little eccentric—different from the general run of girls. Travers had said in the way of being high-flown and romantic in their ideas of life, and this presently suggested a new train of thought to him. What if she had taken it into her head to play at being poor for awhile, from some romantic notion of being wooed and won for herself alone? It seemed not altogether improbable, if she were the kind of girl Travers described her to be. Men had done such things, so, at least, said the poets, and why should not a romantic girl follow suit?

His dark eyes were brilliant with hope, as they turned again towards the beautiful face opposite him. Should his supposition only prove correct, what a chance there would be for him—a chance such as in his wildest dreams he had not dared to hope for! But it would be necessary to be extremely cautious, it would never do to act upon impulse. Although he felt more and more convinced that he was not mistaken, there was just the bare possibility that he might be. It was possible, for instance, she might be only some poor relation of the Miss Leith, whom she so marvellously resembled, and in that case he could not afford to be romantic, however she might be inclined. The first step to be taken was to establish her identity, and the facts as to her fortune, and, meantime, he must be on his guard, and not allow her to know that he recognized her.

Miss Severn was complacently putting forth her powers of attraction, pattering out pretty speeches more expressive of amiability than wisdom, protesting, in reference to Mrs. Brandreth's rebuke to the children, that, "indeed, indeed, she liked to hear the darlings talk! She positively doted on children, and thought it must be quite too delightful to be with them always;" adding to Mabel, "Do you not find it so, Miss Leith?"

Mabel calmly replied she did not know. She had not been always with them, her experience dating only a few days back. She was not inclined to expand to Miss Severn, and not, as yet, accustomed to do anything to which she was disinclined.

But Miss Severn was not exacting as to reply. Feeling that she had done all that could be expected of her in the way of being gracious to the governess, she addressed her conversation to Richard Noel again. She found him more silent and absorbed than was quite complimentary to her powers of conversation. He forced himself to abstain from looking too much at Mabel, lest his sister's keen eyes should take note of it, but he found it impossible to marshal his thoughts to Miss Severn's order.

Mrs. Brandreth found herself obliged to talk to either Mrs. Severn or Sissy, both of whom bored her; the former with her long stories, and the latter with her too palpable delight at being noticed by her mother. She brought luncheon to an end as quickly as might be, and told the children they might go.

Mabel, who was just putting a question to Richard Noel, continued the subject, oblivious of the fact that the children stood waiting for her, and that it was her duty to go out of the room with them. Exulting in the discovery he believed that he had made,

yet afraid of allowing what was in his mind to be seen, Richard Noel was in as matter of course a tone as he could assume, doing his best to give her the gist of a paper, attracting some notice just then in one of the monthlies, she had asked him about. "Not so clear as Gerard would put it," she was thinking. "But who would—who would get at the heart of things, as he does?" She smiled her thanks, and was adding a word or two upon the subject, when Sissy softly put in, slipping her hand in Mabel's:

"Mamma says we may go now, Miss Leith, dear."

"Go!" ejaculated Mabel, turning upon the child with dilating eyes. She recollected again; broke into a little laugh at herself, demurely rose from her seat, and, with a graceful little bend of acknowledgment of Richard Noel's low bow—the ladies were too much engaged to notice her—she went out of the room with the children.

"Who in the world is she, my dear? Where does she come from?" ejaculated Mrs. Severn, turning towards Mrs. Brandreth, as soon as Mabel had passed out of the room. "She might be the daughter of a duke!"

"In her own estimation," said Miss Severn, who felt that her graciousness had not been sufficiently appreciated by Mabel.

"Too many airs and graces for her position, certainly," said Mrs. Brandreth. "I trusted to an agent, and did not see Miss Leith before she came." It was not necessary to add, that Mabel's principal recommendation had been her readiness to accept the very low salary Mrs. Brandreth offered.

"Her style of dress too,—the very latest; did you notice the pale coral, Flora? Everything *en suite*, to the very ring!" said her mother.

Yes: Flora had noticed, none the more approvingly that she herself was wearing a carved set she had just purchased, only not so good.

"Brought up extravagantly, I expect; and suddenly found herself possessed of nothing but fashionable clothes to begin the world with," said Mrs. Brandreth. "She will learn wisdom, as they wear out, perhaps."

Her brother listened silently, twisting the ends of his moustache. All that he heard, seemed so much additional proof that his supposition was a correct one. The governingness was a freak. He was too much dazzled by the light that had suddenly burst upon him to be able to take his share in the conversation that followed with anything like his usual spirit;

although, with the consciousness that he could not afford to offend Miss Severn, until there was something more than the bare chance of securing a greater prize, he did his best to appear as usual.

Mrs. Brandreth was quicker than Miss Severn, who was not very observant, nor inclined to think she might possibly be outshone, to notice that he was absent, and unlike himself. Moreover, she had seen the expression of his eyes fixed upon the governess as she knew they would never be on Flora Severn, and feared that, for some folly of the moment, he might risk losing what seemed a last chance for him.

"I do hope you will not be so imprudent as to neglect making the most of your opportunities with Flora, after all the trouble I have taken to help you, Richard," his sister began, as he rejoined her, after seeing Mrs. and Miss Severn to their carriage.

"If I did, it would be only to make the most of a better opportunity; I can promise you that much, Agatha."

"I do not think it is at all probable that you will find a better; you must know that; and now that matters have gone so far with Flora——"

"They have not gone far. At any rate, not far enough to give her reason for complaining, if they go no farther."

"You have something in your mind, Richard?" enquiringly.

He was silent a few moments, his eyes downcast, asking himself whether it would be better to take her into his confidence or not, then replied: "If anything comes of it, I promise you shall be first to hear. At present, you must excuse my keeping my own counsel."

"Meanwhile, I would advise you not to let the bird in the hand escape!" eyeing him anxiously, as she went on: "You know that Reginald does not like you idling—as he calls it—so much of your time away here, and you know how decided he can be if things do not please him."

"Yes; I know that well enough, confound him!" abruptly adding: "What makes you think I am inclined to play fast and loose with Flora?"

"I,—to tell the truth, I did not like to see you looking so much at Miss Leith, Richard. Had Flora noticed it, she might have been offended, you know, and I feel sure the sharp old mother saw."

He cast another speculative side-look at his sister. "Who is she, Agatha?"

"She? Miss Leith? Who are her people, do you mean?"

He nodded.

"I do not know any more than that her parents are both dead, and that she has had every advantage of education, the best masters, and so forth. This I heard from a Mrs. Harcourt, of Kensington, to whom she referred me, and it seemed sufficient. From my own observation, I should judge Miss Leith has imbibed some very extravagant notions. But what can all this matter to you, Richard? You could not possibly marry a poor governess, with nothing but her pretty face for her fortune."

"No; I certainly could not marry a poor governess;" with a little laugh.

"Then you must not allow her to suppose that you would, or, worse still, give Flora grounds for supposing it."

"Do not fear. I think I can promise to look after my own interest sufficiently for that, Agatha," he lightly replied. She did not know, then! If Miss Leith were acting a part, she had evidently not taken Agatha into her confidence. Should he take her into his, and tell her what he suspected? No; he decided the risk would be too great. If his sister knew the truth, she might, out of the very desire to help him, allow it to be seen that she knew it, and then all chance of his being able to play the part of a disinterested lover would be gone. Everything depended upon his appearing to believe that Miss Leith was the poor governess she wished it to be thought she was.

Fortunately, he reflected, it happened that he was in favour with the children; and this might do him service with the governess. When idling about Beechwoods, he had seen a great deal of them; and as he amused himself with, and took no trouble to check them, in any way—he indeed regarded their little failings as matters of course, and rather encouraged them, than otherwise—they had come to think him as good-natured as he was indulgent.

"No one, not even Uncle Reggie, is so good and kind to us as Uncle Richard," said Algy and Mima to Mabel. "He invents new games, and has all sorts of fun with us, Miss Leith, and never, never gets out of temper."

"Uncle Reggie is just as kind. He's only vexed with us when we do not try to be good, and do not tell the truth!" put in Sissy.

"Oh, yes, and he plays with us, too! But you've got to take



care, with Uncle Reggie, and you havn't got to with Uncle Richard. When you don't behave well, he only laughs."

It was through the children that Mabel heard Mrs. Brandreth had left home for a week or two, having joined a yachting party. If there had been any leave-taking with her children, Mabel had not seen it; and the idea of seeking an interview with the governess before her departure had apparently not suggested itself to her. Having once engaged a governess for her children, her conscience was at rest. Reginald would no longer be able to preach to her about neglecting her duty. If the children were neglected in any way, the blame would, of course, rest with the governess.

Mrs. Brandreth's mind was also at rest upon another point. She had extracted a promise from her brother that he would not go to the house during her absence. He was obliged to yield so far, lest her suspicions should be aroused; contenting himself with the reflection that while keeping his promise to the letter, he might still be able to see something of Miss Leith. He might meet her without going to the house—in the park, for instance, when taking the children for their daily walk.

The talk amongst the servants—that of the housemaid, whose duty it was to attend to careless Mabel's room, and others who had chanced to render her some small service—added to what had come under her own observation, was having its effect upon Soames. She was, too, in spite of herself, beginning to be brought under the influence at work in the school-room; hence more inclined to be upon friendly terms with the governess, and not a little offended at finding her advances coldly received. Had Mabel been more diplomatic, had she made some effort to conciliate the other, she would not only have found that there was a better side to Soames' character, but her own path easier. As it was, Soames displayed her resentment in her own fashion, Mrs. Brandreth's absence affording her the opportunity for so doing.

Soames was indeed mistress of the situation. She knew a great deal more about her mistress's wishes respecting the children than did the governess, and it was in her power to put a great many obstacles in Mabel's way as to what ought or ought not to be done out of school hours. She was continually interfering, hinting that her mistress objected to this, and would never sanction that, until Mabel was made to feel that she was not allowed to use her own judgment about anything. Soames,

as the exponent of Mrs. Brandreth's wishes, which Mabel knew nothing about, decided the direction and duration of their daily walks, and what not ; even to the amount of play that was good for them.

They must not run about too much, lest they should get overheated. They must keep in the shady walks, lest they should spoil their complexions. They must not go down to the sea, lest some accident should happen to Master Algy, who was always so venturesome. In fine, according to Soames, they could go nowhere but up and down the avenue, within view of the nursery window ; a walk that would soon be as monotonous to Mabel as that to and from the Grove.

She regretted now that Mrs. Brandreth had not been a little more explicit about her wishes, and so spared her the annoyance of having to listen to them second-hand. As it was, she could do nothing. Soames always quoted her mistress, and since Mabel could not dispute Mrs. Brandreth's rules with her servant, there was no course left but to obey. Soames believed that when Miss Leith was rendered sufficiently uncomfortable to recognize the desirability of being what she termed "mutual," they would be the best of friends. But certain signs and symptoms were beginning to manifest themselves, which, had she been able to understand them, might have warned her that it was possible to go too far.

Now that the first novelty had worn off, Mabel was beginning to feel wearied and bored instead of amused by the children's peculiarities. Mima's intelligence matched her commonplace, pudgy little face, her mind being more concentrated upon the question of the daily pudding than was amusing to contemplate after the first few times. Algy's small philosophy took more the complexion of mere selfishness upon closer acquaintance, and they had both acquired unchildlike ideas—from Soames, Mabel suspected—as to the advantages to be derived from wealth and position. Moreover, they both so inconveniently attached themselves to her, as to prevent her drawing out the best in the more interesting Sissy, who shyly gave place to them.

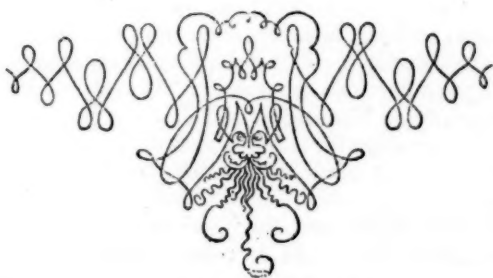
Conscious of her increasing weariness of them, and her consequent loss of patience and sharp replies becoming so frequent now, she was surprised to find that her influence over them did not seem to diminish. Her contempt for every kind of meanness, and sharp rebuke at the slightest deviation from truth, were, in fact, having their legitimate effect in winning her pupil's respect,

as had her ready recognition of the good in them, her strict, impartial justice, and keen sense of fun and frolic, in winning their hearts.

One thing was becoming daily more evident to her, and this was, that it required a certain amount of training to impart knowledge, even to them. She contrived to drag them through the daily lessons, but they were a great deal less like "play lessons" than at first, although the children, not understanding why there should be any difference, still strove to introduce an element of fun into the proceedings, and gave her credit for wishing to do the same.

When after some *bêtise* of Mima's, Mabel suddenly lost patience and sent "Pinnock" skimming across the table, with a shriek of delight Algy and Mima immediately followed suit, sending their books flying in all directions, obliging her to explain she had been wrong, and rendering it difficult to complain of their having done the same. But apologies all round were becoming a not infrequent necessity. Mabel's ejaculation, "I had no idea that any child could be so ridiculously obtuse!" and her immediate apology; "I beg your pardon, Mima, you cannot help that, of course," might have not a little surprised a trained governess.

*(To be continued.)*



## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE WESLEY CENTENARY—NOTES FROM PARIS—"THE IDLER" AT  
ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—THE BACH CHOIR.

### THE WESLEY CENTENARY.

THE centenary of John Wesley's death, which occurred on March 2nd, is an event of sufficient importance to demand a few words of comment. For not only was Wesley a man of remarkable personality—the author of the 'History of Civilisation' regarded him as "the first of theological statesmen," while Macaulay has said of him that his "genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu"—but the moral revolution which he brought about in his lifetime, so far from collapsing at his death, has resulted in the most successful, if judged by members and organisation, of the many non-conforming communities which have separated themselves from the Church of England.

The first impulse given to the Methodist movement, must be ascribed to the work of a High-church mystic, William Law. "William Law," wrote Bishop Warburton, "begot Methodism." His 'Serious Call to a Holy Life,'—a treatise of which Southey said that "few books have made more religious enthusiasts," and which deeply influenced such different men as Dr. Johnson, and Scott the Commentator, and John Henry Newman—made a profound impression on the mind of John Wesley. He was then at Oxford; and gathering around him a small society of devout students, including his brother Charles, and the future orator of Methodism, George Whitefield, they determined to frame their lives according to a fixed rule or method. They communicated weekly: they fasted regularly on Wednesdays and Fridays; they held aloof from the amusements of college life; they visited the poor, and the prisoners in the gaol; they spent much time in the study of the Bible, and of such books of devotion as the 'Imitatio Christi,' the 'Holy Living and Dying,' of Jeremy Taylor, and the 'Serious Call' of William Law. They were, in short, what would be called now-a-days, "good churchmen"; indeed they were the Ritualists of the eighteenth century. The undergraduates nicknamed them "Methodists," and the word which originally denoted an enthusiastic devotion to the system of the church, came, by a strange irony of fate, to be the name of a party which eventually discarded the yoke of that church altogether.

The next step in the history of Methodism begins with Wesley's voyage to America, and his consequent connection with the Moravians.

His father had earnestly entreated him to come to Epworth as his curate, but young Wesley steadily refused. "The question," he characteristically said, "is not whether I could do more good to others there than here; but whether I could do more good to myself, seeing wherever I can be most holy myself, there I can most promote holiness in others." A few months later he sailed with Mr. Oglethorpe for Georgia, with the twofold purpose of evangelising the Red Indians, and of ministering to the spiritual wants of the Colonists. "My chief motive," he wrote on starting, "is the hope of saving my own soul. I hope to learn the true sense of the Gospel of Christ by preaching it to the heathen." His ministry in Georgia, for reasons on which it is needless to enter, proved a failure, and after three years he returned to England. But during his absence he had come in contact with the Moravians, the tranquil confidence of whose faith contrasted strangely with his own disquietude. On settling in London he became a regular member of this society, and fell under the baneful teaching of one Peter Böhler. From this enthusiast he learnt the preposterous opinion that, without a sudden and sensible conversion, a man, no matter how moral, how good, how benevolent, how sincere, is under the wrath of God, and in a state of damnation. It was on Sunday, March 5th 1738, that Böhler finally convinced him of this fundamental "truth." Wesley was stunned at the overwhelming discovery. He wished to abstain from preaching, at any rate for awhile, but Böhler dissuaded him, saying, "Preach faith till you have it, and then because you have faith you will preach faith." He followed his teacher's advice, and while firmly believing that he was in a "state of damnation," he yet passionately preached the new doctrine wherever he could gain an audience. At length, after ten or eleven weeks of intense mental excitement, the crisis came. It was on the evening of Wednesday, May 24th. He was present at a "Society's" meeting in Aldersgate Street, when one of the assembly was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. What followed had best be told in Wesley's own words. "About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart."

That moment, as Mr. Lecky has said, marks an epoch in English history. For from the evening of May 24th, 1738, dates the beginning of the Methodist revival. It is true that Wesley almost immediately after his conversion paid a visit to the head-quarters of the Moravian Brotherhood at Herrnhutt in Saxony. He there met Count Zinzendorf, and entered with enthusiasm into the doctrines and discipline of that curious community. It is evident, however, that he returned home somewhat shaken in his allegiance to their system. He disapproved of

the absolute supremacy exercised by Count Zinzendorf. He could not altogether agree with some of their ultra-spiritual opinions. Part of their discipline seemed strange to him. As time went on this feeling of disapproval grew stronger. He became disgusted with their cavillings and disputings; his soul grew sick of their "sublime divinity," and, some months after his return from Herrnhut, he finally separated from the Moravian Brotherhood and formed a new society of his own.

We have already quoted Mr. Lecky's opinion, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place at the humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history. It marks the source of the movement which was to revolutionise religion throughout the country. The instantaneous conversion which Wesley then believed himself to have experienced confirmed him in his adhesion to that extravagant opinion. So convinced was he of its absolute reality that he openly declared shortly afterwards that he had "*never been a Christian till within the last five days.*" His brother Charles had already passed through a similar crisis; and so this doctrine of "*a sudden and sensible conversion*" became the cardinal doctrine of the new movement. The leaders of that movement were never tired of impressing upon their hearers, with all the vehemence of which they were capable, that unless they had experienced this startling change, they were children of wrath, and doomed to everlasting flames.

Field-preaching, which was one of the main characteristics of the revival, was begun by Whitefield in the neighbourhood of Bristol. This wonderful man—"the first of theological orators," as Wesley was "the first of theological statesmen,"—who attracted by his preaching not only the ignorant and unlearned, but such men as David Hume and Lord Chesterfield, must share with the two Wesleys the honour of inaugurating the Methodist movement. Many stories are told of the dramatic effect of his oratory, of which this one, related by Hume, may serve as an illustration:—"After a solemn pause he thus addressed the audience: 'The attendant angel is just about to leave the threshold of this sanctuary and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend and not bear with him the news of one sinner among all this multitude reclaimed from the error of his way?' To give the greater effect to this exclamation, Whitefield stamped with his foot, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and cried aloud, 'Stop, Gabriel, stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God!' This address," adds Hume, "was accompanied by such animated yet natural action that it surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

At first Wesley could not bring himself to follow his friend's example with regard to field-preaching. It seemed to him to go beyond the boundary of church order and regulation. "I could scarce reconcile myself," he says, "to this strange way, having been all my life, till very lately, so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order that I



should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in church." His brother Charles shared his feelings, and so they determined to seek guidance from the superstitious practice—to which, strange to say, they were both addicted—of opening their Bibles at random, and accepting as a message from the Almighty the very first text on which their eyes alighted. The texts were singularly unpropitious, and so they had recourse to the equally superstitious practice of sortilege. They cast lots, and the lot decided that John Wesley should join Whitefield at Bristol. He went, reflecting that, after all, our Lord's Sermon on the Mount was a pretty strong precedent of field-preaching.

The movement was now fairly launched, and extraordinary results quickly followed. Crowds of people flocked to the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield, which was often accompanied by the strangest phenomena. Beneath the vehement appeals of the new evangelists, who painted in vivid colours the terrors of the Judgment and the endless agonies of hell, men and women and even children would fall down suddenly as dead, or writhe in hideous convulsions on the ground. Shrieks of hysterical laughter and howls as of demons from the pit would be heard on every side. At times the preacher's voice could scarce be heard for the groaning of the multitude. The agony of awakened sinners passing through the paroxysms of sensible conversion was piteous to behold. Wesley's journal contains numerous instances of such cases, especially during the earlier period of the movement. When he preached to the criminals at Newgate, "they dropped on every side as thunderstruck." At Bristol a woman "lay on the ground furiously gnashing her teeth, and after awhile roared aloud." On another occasion, "while I was speaking, one before me dropped down as dead, and presently a second and a third. Five others sank down in half an hour, most of them in frightful agonies." Again, a young woman nineteen or twenty years old was taken. "I found her on the bed," says Wesley, "two or three persons holding her. It was a terrible sight! Anguish, horror, and despair above all description appeared on her pale face. The thousand contortions of her whole body showed how the dogs of hell were gnawing at her heart. The shrieks intermixed were scarcely to be endured; but her stony eyes could not weep. She screamed out, as words could find their way, 'I am damned, damned—lost for ever!'" And similar instances may be found in abundance in the pages of Wesley's journal.

Want of space prevents us from discussing at any length the nature of these strange phenomena. Suffice it to say that they probably belong to a species of religious hysteria which has appeared over and over again among over-wrought and weak-minded enthusiasts. We see indications of the same disease in the frantic gestures of the dervishes, and in the self-mutilations of Eastern fanatics. It was known—or something very like it—in Germany in the middle ages as *St. Vitus' Dance*, and in Italy in the sixteenth century as the *Dancing-mania* or *Tarantism*. It appeared

among the early Quakers, and among the Romanists at Port Royal. It was specially prevalent among the French refugees—commonly known as the French Prophets—some of whom had settled at Bristol shortly before the commencement of the Methodist movement. At first, there can be no doubt that Wesley regarded these startling phenomena as indications of the "New Birth" which formed the chief subject of his preaching. But as time went on he learnt to attach less importance to these extravagances, which all friends of Methodism cannot but regard as most unfortunate.

In forming his "societies" there can be little doubt that Wesley had no intention whatever of creating a schism. His object was distinctly to revive religion within the English Church. On every side he saw callousness and indifference; the lower orders seemed sunk in animalism and infidelity; and the church, with all her infinite possibilities, slumbered and slept. And the work on which Wesley entered, and to which he consecrated his life, was the disinterested and wholly unselfish work of awakening into fresh life and vigour his beloved Church of England. Over and over again he warns his followers against the evil of secession. "I dare not," he says, "like Mr. Venn, leave the parish church, and go to an Independent meeting. I advise all over whom I have any influence to keep to the Church." And again, "If ever the Methodists in general leave the Church, I must leave the Methodists." Towards the end of his career, in charging his preachers, he solemnly said, "In God's name, stop there! Be Church of England men still! Do not cast away the peculiar glory which God hath put upon you, and frustrate the design of Providence." And not long before his death he wrote these words, "I declare that I live and die a member of the Church of England; and none who regard my opinion or advice will ever separate from it." And such was the wonderful power of this great ruler of men that during his life-time no secession from the Church took place. He ruled the vast organisation which he had called into existence with absolute authority. His word, as it has been said, was literally law, and that law extended not only to strictly religious matters, but to the minutest details of daily life. But though Wesley trusted otherwise, it was evident to all observers that the movement tended towards separation. Indeed, Wesley himself, some years before his death, had taken a step, which, however unconsciously to himself, could hardly fail to bring about the very end which he deprecated. We allude to his ordination of "elders." His brother Charles recognised this, and consequently regretted it. But John saw the matter in a different light, and could not understand his brother's scruples. Within four years, however, of the old man's death the rupture came. Utterly forgetful of the wishes and commands of their founder, at the annual conference, held at Manchester in 1795, the Methodists severed the last tie which bound them to the Church of England. From that time the Wesleys as a

body must be considered to have a history of their own apart from the church of their forefathers. And that history records more than one subsequent secession. Within two years of the separation from the Establishment a rupture took place within the Methodist body, and the Methodist New Connexion was formed. Shortly afterwards another squabble occurred, and the Primitive Methodists seceded. Then the Bible Christians formed themselves into a separate body. Later on the Wesleyan Methodist Associations came into existence. And again, in 1849, a further split took place, which resulted in the formation of yet another denomination, the Wesleyan Methodist Reformers. But for all this subsequent dissension the founder of Methodism must not be held responsible. He was beyond doubt sincere when almost with his dying breath he reasserted the principle he had so often impressed upon his followers—to live and die members of the Church of England.

In looking back on the life of Wesley, and on the religious revival of which he was the main author, it is impossible not to feel the deepest regard for his memory. The movement which is associated with his name, after every allowance has been made for its extravagances and defects, is yet one which reflects the very highest honour on its originator. It is impossible here to estimate with any fulness the results of that movement, so great and so varied have been its consequences. That many of those consequences were such as cannot commend themselves to persons of healthy minds is evident. But on the other hand it is equally certain that the main results of the movement were altogether on the side of righteousness. To the Methodist movement was due the Evangelical revival; and to the Evangelical revival was due, in no small measure, the abolition of the slave-trade, the promotion of Sunday schools, the formation of the Religious Tract Society, the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and other kindred associations, whose one object was the spiritual enlightenment of mankind. Moreover, the moral good which Methodism affected among the lower and middle orders of our countrymen must be allowed by even the most sceptical. It has been described without exaggeration as a great moral revolution. And all this was due, humanly speaking, to the energy and holiness and self-sacrifice of the Founder of Methodism. In saying this, we are in no sense blinding ourselves to the defects of Wesley's character. That he was credulous to a degree, and amazingly superstitious we at once allow. We see this peculiar weakness in his undoubting belief in apparitions and witchcraft and demoniacal possession, and in his habitual practice of bibliomancy and sortilege. We can see it in the way he regarded the hysterical outbursts which followed his early preaching, and in the opinion, which at one time he seems firmly to have held, that he could heal diseases and cast out devils; while his system of Biblical interpretation may be gathered from his well-known assertion, that "the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible."

But these weaknesses, if they detract from the greatness, detract nothing from the goodness of John Wesley. "He stands pre-eminent," says Canon Overton, "among the worthies who originated and conducted the revival of practical religion which took place in the last century. In particular points he was surpassed by one or other of his fellow-workers. In preaching power he was not equal to Whitefield; in saintliness of character he was surpassed by Fletcher; in poetical talent he was inferior to his brother; in solid learning he was perhaps not equal to his friend and disciple Adam Clarke. But no one man combined *all* these characteristics in so remarkable a degree as John Wesley; and he possessed others besides these which were all his own. He was a born ruler of men; the powers which under different conditions would have made him 'a heaven-born statesman' he dedicated to still nobler and more useful purposes. The good which he did among the poor, whom he loved, is simply incalculable; and his long life, which was almost commensurate with the century, enabled him to see the fruits of his labours."

JOHN VAUGHAN.

#### NOTES FROM PARIS.

The season has been unusually dull this winter. The extreme cold, the remembrance of last year's influenza and the fear of a return of the epidemic have caused a general flight southwards, so that few leaders of fashion are now in Paris. With the exception of one or two *bals blancs*, as they are called, where the dancers are very young people, scarcely "out," there have been no festivities beyond the official balls at the Elysée and Hôtel de Ville, where what is called "society" does not go, unless forced to do so by a military or diplomatic position. Yet the Elysée balls are splendid, and all the present arrangements are on a liberal scale, contrasting with the previous careful economy practised by the Grévy family. Madame Carnot—always beautifully dressed, in the best taste—acquits herself of the duties of her position both graciously and gracefully. Monsieur Carnot, with the most amiable intentions, is "distinguished" to such a degree that the ease of manner which usually completes the deportment of a gentleman would seem derogatory to his dignity; and as Parisians must laugh, when they can get an excuse for doing so, the President's sable attire and stiff sweetness have drawn down upon him the qualification of, "Bâton de réglisse," or "stick of liquorice." Poor Monsieur Carnot! It is a hard trial to have to play the prince without being one, and without any line of demarcation to show exactly where to stop. He has no wish to be more than "presidential," but, in a country where the lead has always been taken by Royalty, how ought a President to behave? And a mild, estimable President in a black coat, without any military glory or military uniform—chosen for his civic virtues—what can he do, but look amiable and "distinguished"?

Excess of "distinguished" manners is not what characterizes the

balls of the Hôtel de Ville; splendid, as regards rooms and decoration, but more than mixed as regards society. Anyone who chooses can get an invitation, and the crowd is fearful. From 16,000 to 17,000 cards were issued for the last ball. The scenes at the "Buffet" of refreshments would be ludicrous were they not repulsive; it is literally pillaged. There is some talk of requiring payment of a few francs on entrance for the benefit of the Paris poor in future, as a means of thinning the crowds of plebeian citizens, who greatly enjoy gratuitous amusement, and especially gratuitous feasting.

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The Carnival in Paris is a thing of the past, and nothing now is seen on the Boulevards but a few children in fancy dresses. The most important day is, now, that of the "Mi-Carême" or Mid Lent; a festival by no means recognized or authorized by the clergy, but greatly favoured by the people. It is especially the festival of the "Blanchisseuses" or laundresses, of which there are in Paris 93,000, with 11,000 men, employed in the laundries or wash-houses. The principal "lavoirs," or laundries, choose each a king and queen, and have a car decorated with flags; there is a general queen, also elected, called "La Reine des Reines," who is, of course, the principal personage in the pageant, although she has a sort of king-consort with her. Following the "Blanchisseuses," but not of them, are a number of cars intended for advertisements, from which showers of small printed papers are thrown. Prizes are given to the best decorated cars when the procession reaches the Place de la République, where the judges are seated on a raised stand. It is unnecessary to explain that the women who figure in these festivities are not the most respectable of the "Blanchisseuses." Those who follow in the other cars, and who do not necessarily belong to the trade, are hired for the purpose, and chosen amongst young women who, also, are not over particular.

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A number of Meissonier's friends and admirers intend to prepare for the spring a general exhibition of his works. An appeal will be addressed to all owners of his paintings to obtain the loan of them for the occasion. The drawings and studies which he used for the composition of his pictures will be included. At the close of the exhibition, two of his masterpieces, now in the possession of his family—"L'Attente" and "Le Graveur à l'eau forte,"—will be presented to the Louvre Gallery, in accordance with the well known intention of the artist.

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The great present subject of discussion in the literary world is the question of the successor to Octave Feuillet's vacant seat among the "forty Immortals" of the "Académie Française." Young writers may laugh at the venerable "Académie," but all end by striving to obtain this crowning honour of a literary career—the highest position to



which they can aspire—so that affected disdain has some flavour of “sour grapes.”

“Will Zola be elected or not?” is the great controversy of the present hour. From all we have heard we should think not. A strong party in the Académie considers that the presence of Zola would be a disgrace, and that opinion is likely to carry the day; but, sooner or later, it is feared that the classical Académie will be overpowered by modern influences, and that Zola will force the sacred precincts. And yet there are many reasons why the presence of such a writer should be inappropriate and unwelcome.

It is very doubtful who the successor of Octave Feuillet will be, as there is no name among the candidates of sufficient weight to carry all before it, so as to obtain necessarily the required majority of votes; but the candidate who seems to have the best chance is Henri de Bornier, the author of “*La Fille de Roland*,” one of Sarah Bernhardt’s most exquisite impersonations in her best days.

The late experiments as to the possible cure of consumption by the transfusion of goat’s blood seem to justify the hope of a discovery equalling in importance that of Pasteur, and exempt from the dangers of Koch’s system of inoculation. Goats are said to be absolutely refractory to consumptive influences, and their blood is considered to be a most valuable antidote. The operation of transfusion, which lasts only a few seconds without pain or inconvenience of any kind, is performed by means of an india-rubber pipe, having tubes at each end. One is inserted into the jugular vein of the animal, and the other into the arm of the patient, where the blood is propelled direct without the possibility of the introduction of air. The upper tube (the one inserted into the neck of the animal) is partially split downwards, and is distended by the flow of blood so as to completely fill the orifice. There is such an immediate alleviation in the symptoms after this trifling operation as to justify the hope of a complete cure—at least, in the first stage of the malady—by repeating it. But the discoverer, Dr. Bernheim, is confident that the same system might be beneficially applied to other diseases, especially those attributed to malarious influences. He had previously tried sub-cutaneous injections of goat’s blood, but the results were slow and not fully satisfactory. He was consequently induced to try transfusion, which attempt seems fully successful in consumptive cases when the disease is taken in time; but, alas! how often it is not recognized till too late!

We can recommend among recent novels: ‘*Le Marquis de Villarneuil*,’ by William Marcell; ‘*Un Manuscrit*,’ by Pierre Mael; ‘*Dernières Illusions*,’ by La Princesse Olga de Cantacuzené-Altieri; ‘*Sacrifice*,’ by La Comtesse André de Beaumont.



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"THE IDLER" AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

The opening of the St. James's Theatre, with all its many improvements as to lighting and warmth, passed without quite so much attention as it would otherwise have received, owing to a play being taken thither from the Avenue which had already had a long run. This has now been replaced by "The Idler," by Mr. Haddon Chambers. We need not discuss here whether Mr. Chambers has greatly added to his reputation as a dramatist in "The Idler." Plays, like other things, are matters of taste, and a fixed standard of excellence seems hard to arrive at in them. Those of us who liked the simplicity and idyllic beauty of "Sunlight and Shadow," need not look for those particular virtues in "The Idler," which at the same time is no doubt a stronger and more important play than Mr. Carton's. However, there is one point about which there has been no two opinions, namely that some of the best *ensemble* acting on the English stage is to be seen at the St. James's; for finish, for refinement and delicacy in handling the various situations nothing better is to be found in the metropolis. Mr. Alexander's portrayal of "The Idler" is an excellent character study of a man in whom an unfortunate life has developed the poorer side of a nature by no means wholly bad. Miss Marion Terry, in her impersonation of Lady Harding, has a very difficult part to play, and plays it as only an accomplished emotional actress of the first rank could do. Her great scene with Cross (Mr. Alexander) in the third Act, is for strength and even for refinement a great advance upon anything she has already done. The smaller parts are admirably sustained by Lady Monckton, Miss Maud Millett and Mr. John Mason, an excellent American actor who made his first appearance in England in this play.

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## THE BACH CHOIR.

The Bach Choir has by degrees become a very important feature in the winter music of London. It has high aims, and has been, so far, very successful in accomplishing them. First and foremost among its objects is the production every season of one or more of Bach's masterpieces, the two splendid Church cantatas, given at the second concert of the present season, showing in their performance the real love and enthusiasm of the Choir for the works of the great master whose name it bears. But, taking Bach for its broad and grand foundation stone, this Choir combines with it the production of works both new and old, which are seldom, if ever, heard elsewhere. As most London Choral Societies restrict their efforts to works that "pay," or in other words draw the largest audiences, much of the world's most beautiful music is left untouched by them, to their and the public's loss. The Bach Choir makes the opposite practice its particular care, and has

introduced to London many works, which would otherwise have remained neglected and unheard. Among new works none is more worthy of note than the "Mass in C. minor," given at the Choir's last concert on March the 10th, by Arthur Somervell. It is seldom that the first work (of any size) by a young composer exhibits such great beauty and breadth of choral writing, or such ease in learned device and contra-puntal elaboration, or indeed, it may be added, such spontaneous and rich melody. Mr. Somervell evidently belongs to no modern school; the mass seems to take us back into the grand old Italian music of the past. Space will not allow us to do it justice, but we must specially call attention to the very beautiful passage for the solo quartette, interrupted by the Tenor Chorus on the words *miserere nobis* with a pathetic fall of a minor seventh. Regarding the other object of the Bach Choir, the production of ancient and somewhat neglected music, we find that its next performance on May 12th will contain Motets by Palestrina, Cherubini's 8-part *Credo*, and examples of the old English Madrigals.



## OUR LIBRARY LIST.

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**THE EARL OF MAYO.** By SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER. (*Clarendon Press.*) Sir William Wilson Hunter's second contribution to the 'Rulers of India' series is an abridgment of his larger 'Life of Lord Mayo,' but it is written with a life and spirit which would make the reader suppose it to be a fresh piece of work. The picture which it gives of Lord Mayo's gentle evangelical home, his introduction to English society, his winning manner and popularity in the hunting field, his love for his native Ireland, and indefatigable industry in the thrice-held office of Chief Secretary, is one of the most charming which this series has produced. In his three years' Viceroyalty of India he established the system of educating the young native princes under English guardians; whilst securing the local independence of the native States, he went far to create a cordon of friendly States around India which should be our safeguard against Russian aggression; he remodelled the finances so as to replace a constant deficit by a constant surplus, and he brought about innumerable reforms in both civil and military administration. Few could show such a record, and it is no wonder that his tragic death should have called forth "a passionate outburst of grief and wrath which shook India." The story of that death is here told with a simple pathos and a true eloquence, which will win for this little volume a high place in the literature of India.

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**JOHN WESLEY.** By J. H. OVERTON, M.A. (*Methuen & Co.*) There is a special appropriateness in the appearance in the year of the Wesley Centenary of a Life of the great "leader of religion" by the present incumbent of his father's parish. Mr. Overton writes with a full knowledge of the ecclesiastical history of the eighteenth century, and with unusual discernment does justice at once to the enthusiastic founder of Methodism, and to the Bishops and clergy in whom a remembrance of Puritan excesses roused a fear of enthusiasm and a distrust of all who, like Wesley, thought lightly of regular methods and the parochial system. This little volume makes it clear that but for the unfortunate episode of the ordinations which at the end of his life Wesley was persuaded to perform, he was at heart in accord with much

which the nineteenth century has been accustomed to associate with a very different school of thought. Like Cardinal Newman, John Wesley took his stand upon the Primitive Church. He upheld the frequent celebration of the Eucharist, the observance of fasts and vigils, and was at one with Ritualistic practice in such minor points as the freedom of sittings and the separation of the sexes in Church. Of his personal life Mr. Overton tells us many interesting details, showing his love for his mother, his susceptibility to the influence of friends, his bodily vigour and untiring industry, and his delight when, on visiting the Isle of Man, he finds "No Papists, no Dissenters of any kind, no Calvinists and no disputers."

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**HISTORIC TOWNS; NEW YORK.** By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) The history of New York is an epitome of the history of the United States. That is the impression left upon the reader of this record of the struggle of races for the supremacy in this capital of the New World, and of that later struggle of parties for the control of its politics. The Dutch drive out the Indians, the English the Dutch, and 1776 sees the revolt of the naturalized English against the Government at home, and the foundation of the American nation. But this early mixture of races, together with the slave population and the ceaseless influx of Europeans, especially from Germany and Ireland, has produced a hybrid people in which lies a danger to the city of New York. To Americanize a population four-fifths of which is of foreign extraction, so that universal suffrage shall lead to no results fraught with evil to the Commonwealth—that is the problem which confronts the New York of to-day. Mr. Roosevelt is hopeful for the future, and those who would share his hope will do well to read the admirable volume in which he has traced the course of events which have led to the present position.

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**HOLLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.** By EDOUARD DE AMICIS. Translated from Italian by CAROLINE TILTON. (Vandyke Edition. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*. London and New York.) It is a common fallacy to assume that what lies nearest to us is least worth knowing. In the matter of foreign countries we take what is furthest off *pro mirabili*, and fail to see the wonders near home. We consider an Easter or Whitsuntide holiday sufficient time to devote to the sights of Holland, if indeed we bestow any of our "travelling days" upon that neighbouring land. After reading Signor de Amicis' interesting book (in its present admirable English form) we realize all that we have missed in the past, and all that lies before us in a future tour. Signor de Amicis has the two-fold gift of receiving impressions vividly and reproducing them graphically. He seizes the salient points in a scene, and presents them in strong colours, and he knows exactly when to

omit and when to elaborate details. He is a most sympathetic sight-seer and a very interesting *raconteur*. The picturesque side of travel appeals to him, and he deals mercifully with his readers in the matter of statistics and numbers. He touches on the heroic history of Holland with genuine appreciation, his biographical sketches being especially vivid and forcible. There are some pages of interesting and discriminating art criticism, with notices of the lives of the Painters. We cannot all travel, but we may all receive true and delightful impressions of foreign countries from Signor de Amicis' books.

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RACING REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF THE TURF. By SIR GEORGE CHETWYND, Bart. (*Longmans & Co.*) The two volumes of which this work is composed contain a number of more or less interesting stories in connection with the author's own life as a racing man. It may be doubted, however, whether any very general interest will be excited by Sir George Chetwynd's experiences, especially as the literary qualities of his work are not especially conspicuous, and the range of his knowledge is not very large. Nor can it be said that the second volume is in any sense an improvement on the first. Besides a few stories of race-course rogues and some hints on the training of horses, it repeats again the whole of the Chetwynd-Durham trial, which perhaps could have been omitted without any disadvantage to the general structure of the work. On the whole the book is decidedly disappointing even to those who would naturally feel a considerable amount of interest in the subjects with which Sir George Chetwynd deals.

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THE LIVES OF TWELVE GOOD MEN. By J. W. BURGON, B.D., late Dean of Chichester. (New Edition. With Portraits of the Author and of the Twelve. 1 vol. 8vo. *Murray.*) Dean Burgon's 'Lives of Twelve Good Men,' which appeared within a few weeks of the author's death, surprised and delighted the reading public, for it revealed to them a new and original form of biography. The twelve good men, with their complement of minor celebrities, were linked together by their common participation in that great religious revival of which Dean Church's account has just been published, and by their common bond of relationship with or friendship to their biographer; moreover the lives, sparkling with anecdote and personal incident, are not expanded or contracted to an uniform length, as is the fashion in many a "series" of the present day, but are treated unconventionally, each one in accordance with the material available. Such a book demanded a series of portraits, and those with which the present edition is adorned will lend a new interest not only to Dean Burgon's 'Lives,' but to every book dealing with the Oxford Movement.

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**GIPSY SORCERY AND FORTUNE-TELLING.** By C. G. LELAND. (*T. Fisher Unwin.*) The author of this curious and interesting book, who writes from a position of great authority on the subject in which he deals, gives us a number of striking facts in connection with the gipsy race and their various usages and ceremonies. So long as he confines himself to the mere exposition of fortune-telling and other Romany lore, Mr. Godfrey Leland is very happy both in style and treatment; when, however, he connects his account with a certain psychological theory, it is more difficult to follow him. An age which besides other interests is certainly addicted to superstition will welcome this book, while even scientific students will be glad to have so many materials for their ethnographical pursuits as Mr. Leland furnishes in his new and important work.

**THE RAILWAYS AND THE TRADERS: A SKETCH OF THE RAILWAY RATES QUESTION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.** By W. M. ACWORTH, M.A. Oxon., and of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law, Author of 'The Railways of England.' (Crown 8vo. *Murray.*) Mr. Acworth's name is well known to readers of this Magazine from the articles which he has contributed to its pages on the Railways of England and Scotland, and which have since been published in two volumes. In the book which is now before us he has approached his subject from a different side. The carrying trade of our Railways is one of the most colossal and complicated organizations in existence: for some time past the Board of Trade has been busily engaged with the various Railway Companies, endeavouring to arrive at a new and uniform scale of charges and classification of goods. All this may appear on the face of it to be a matter of mere statistics and dry technicalities, but any one who takes up Mr. Acworth's book will very soon abandon this prejudice. Like all organisms, the carrying trade of the Railways has been the subject of gradual evolution, and the history of its growth is a record of surprising interest. To compare small things with great, we may say that what Hallam and Stubbs have done for the English Constitution, Mr. Acworth has done for our Railways; and he has a power of marshalling his facts, and illustrating them by incident, anecdote, and analogy that many an historian might envy.

**HEURES DE LECTURE D'UN CRITIQUE.** By EMILE MONTÉGUT. (*Hachette et Cie.*) It is always interesting to hear what the critics of other nations have to say of our literature, and M. Emile Montégut's essays on John Aubrey, Pope, William Collins, and Sir John Maundeville are well worth reading, both for this reason and for their own intrinsic merit. The Frenchman, is an enthusiastic admirer of Pope, whom he regards as a bold and original thinker, the precursor of Rousseau and Voltaire, and in such poems as the 'Epistle of Heloise to



Abelard' and the 'Elegy on the death of an unfortunate Lady,' the father the Romantic movement of his century. His humour he compares to that of Dickens, and his perfection of workmanship to the art of a Watteau. Sir John Maundeville, according to M. Montégut, is an apostle of free-thought, a believer in natural as opposed to revealed religion, a doctrine which he insinuates in his accounts of the wonderful purity of Moham-medan and other religions, and their affinity to the teaching of Christianity. It is an original view and worked out with much ingenuity. We commend it to students of the Evolution of Religion.

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ESSAYS IN LITTLE. By ANDREW LANG. (*Henry & Co.*) This is a delightful volume, in Mr. Lang's happiest vein. The contents are too various for enumeration here; but whether it be Dumas, Dickens, or Thackeray, Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who is the subject of his pen, Mr. Lang seems equally ready to take us into his confidence. Of Sir Walter Scott's ballad-poetry he writes *con amore*, but we fear that he had not verified his reference when he quoted—

"'Are these the links of Forth?' she said,  
'Are these the *bends* o' Dee?'"

Surely Sir Walter wrote "crooks"? It is a long time since we found anything which more recalled Calverley at his best, than the modern and pedantic version of "Gaily the Troubador" in the essay on Bayley. He is certainly a little hard on the poor verse-maker, whose "success lay in knowing exactly how little sense in poetry composers will endure and singers will accept;" but we feel that Mr. Lang is flattering his readers when he says of his wonderful mixture of notation and parody that "anybody could do it."

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STUDIES IN LITERATURE. By JOHN MORLEY. (*Macmillan & Co.*) We do not find very much that is of special interest in Mr. Morley's reproduction of various magazine articles; but the volume is an excellent illustration of his own doctrine, that though it is not given to every one to "command the mighty rhythm of the greatest masters of human speech," the virtue "of cultivating direct and precise expression" is within the reach of all. There is a saneness and a sincerity about Mr. Morley's literary criticisms which command respect; and though the general reader may wish that the even tenor of his way were a little more diversified, an absence of all straining after effect is a thing to be thankful for. The contents of the volume are various; but perhaps the two articles at the end, in which Mr. Morley writes as editor of the *Fortnightly Review* of many bygone contributors, will prove the most generally interesting. Of the purely critical papers we prefer the first and temperate estimate of Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

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PRISONERS AND CAPTIVES. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. (*Richard Bentley & Son.*) This is a very clever novel; in school-boy phraseology it might be described as "too clever by half," as it certainly seems to us one of those instances where the half would have been better than the whole. We do not complain that it drags, nor is it over-burdened with superfluous padding, but its very excellences are overdone. The sustained subtlety of the conversation is apt to fatigue, the preternatural self-restraint of the characters to bewilder. We long for some one to be thoroughly commonplace, to speak and act like an ordinary blundering mortal, if only as a background to the very uncommon people, and the enigmatically clever conversations of this novel. The mind of the reader is too often on the strain, trying to make out the subtle innuendoes, and the half-revealed allusions of the style. Perhaps a too frequent sense of defeat makes us hypercritical of a novel of which we recognize the originality of the plot, the skilful handling of the characters, the frequent brilliancy of the dialogue and the depth of the reflections. The descriptive writing is masterly, notably the opening scene of the derelict ship in the Tropics, and the closing scenes of the "Prisoners" wandering among Siberian snows. We regret the touch of almost brutal realism in the necessary murder of the mad Russian woman. There is a horror about it which strikes a jarring note in a scene powerful from the restraint of the description. This criticism is true in a still greater measure of the scene in the theatre when the fire breaks out.

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A DRAUGHT OF LETHE. By ROY TELLET. (*Smith, Elder & Co.*) This is a novel of a decidedly melodramatic structure. It commences admirably with a scene in a dead-house in a German town, and we are prepared to feel the deepest interest in the narrator who finds amongst such lugubrious surroundings the lady of his choice. But our sympathies become less when we make the discovery that the hero whose adventures are narrated in the novel is so remarkably devoid of common sense that he is a prey to most of his acquaintances and friends. A German doctor, a certain Dr. Falck, very nearly succeeds in depriving him of his life, while a lady of somewhat dubious instincts, who has apparently marked him for her own, manages to entirely beguile this curiously innocent hero. It all comes right in the end, it is true; but the Honourable Mr. Fitzalan Lindley has every one to thank but himself for the success which ultimately waits on his career. There is a good character sketch in an unconventional artist called Vaux, but the story is not very well constructed, and would perhaps be better if it had been kept within smaller dimensions.

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